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The FLINTSTONES

a Hanna-Barbera and PEBBLES

Production

15¢

THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES

NO. 6
SEPT.
CDC

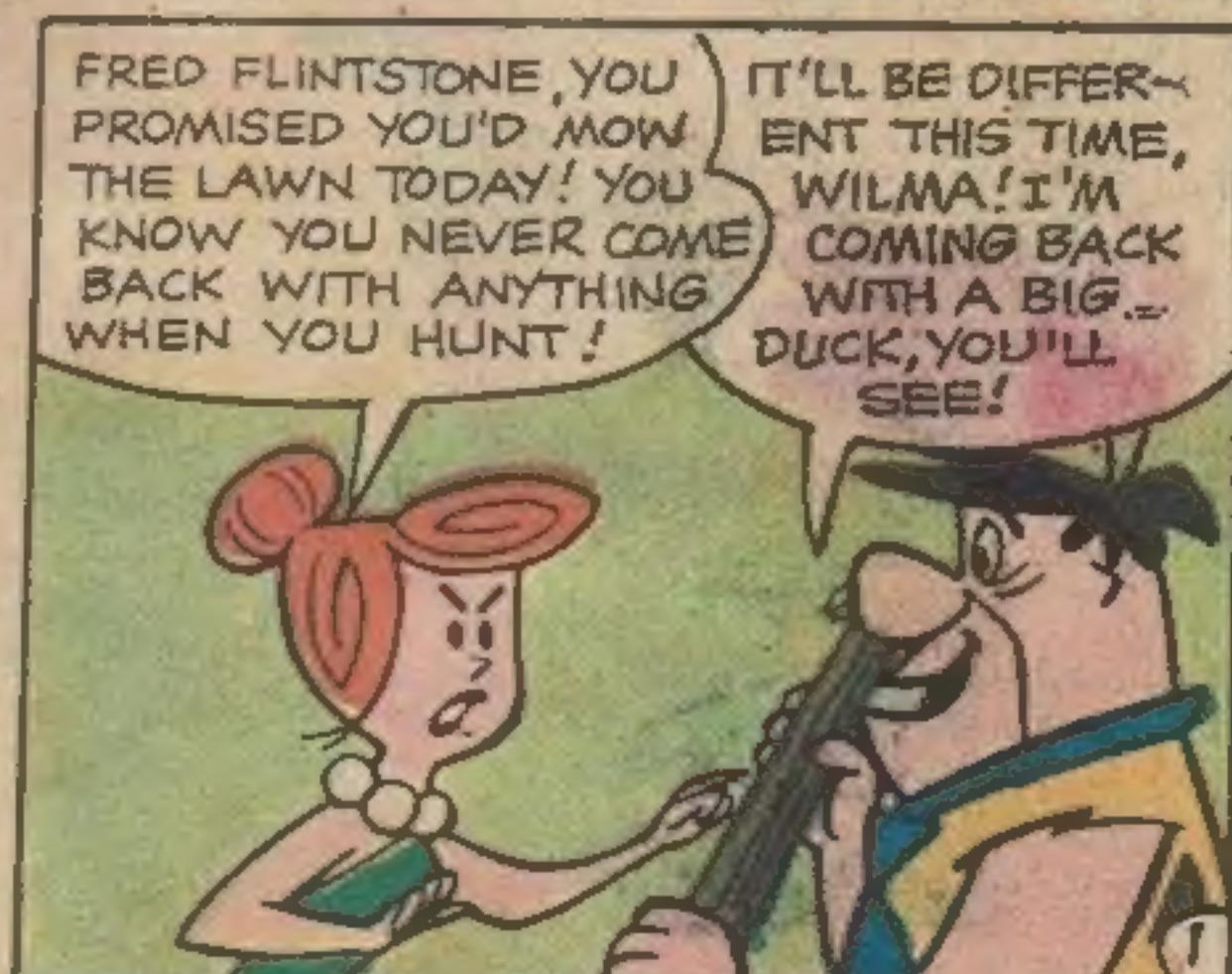
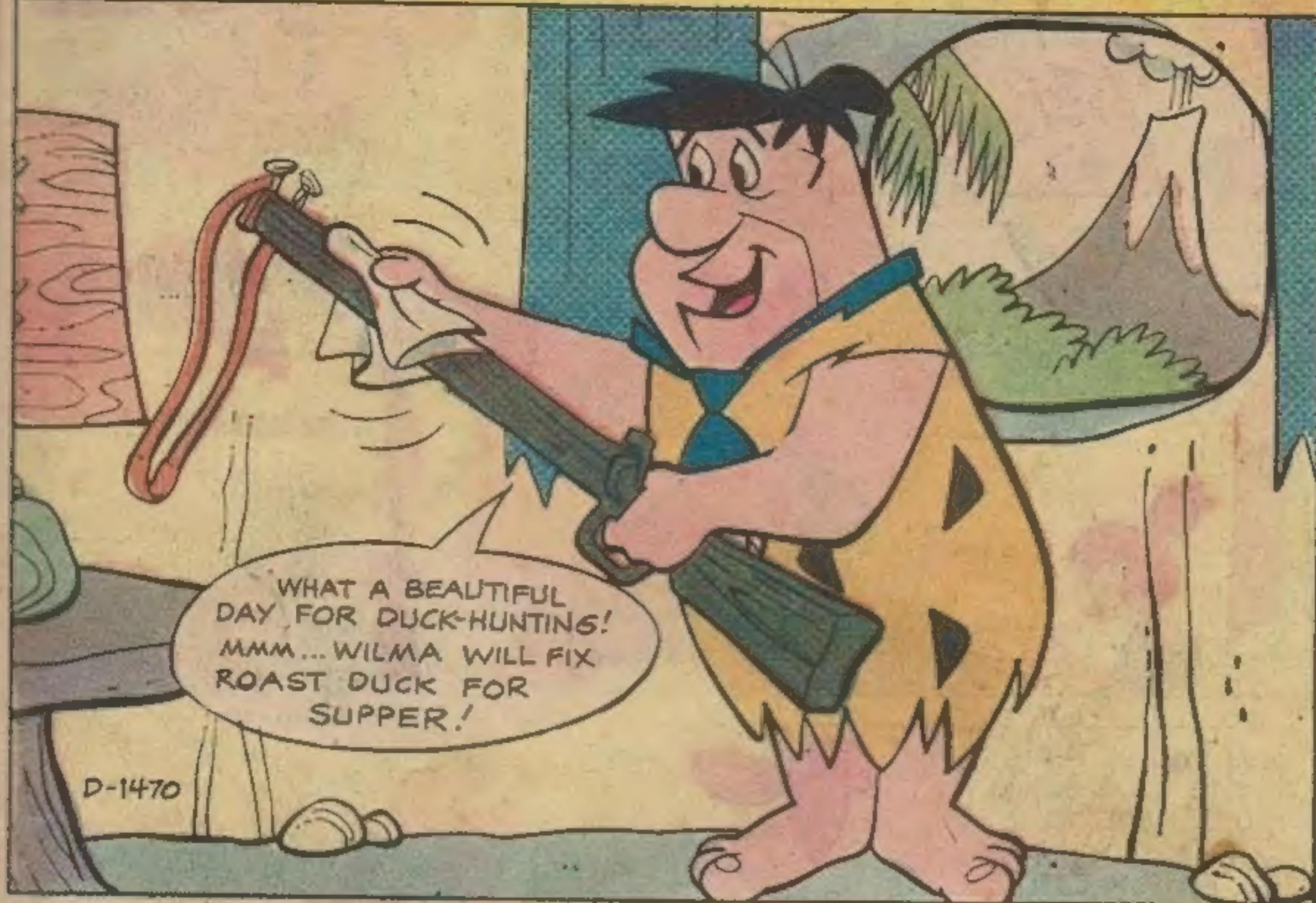


RAY
DARGO

THE FLINTSTONES
and
PEBBLES

in

MIGHTY HUNTER

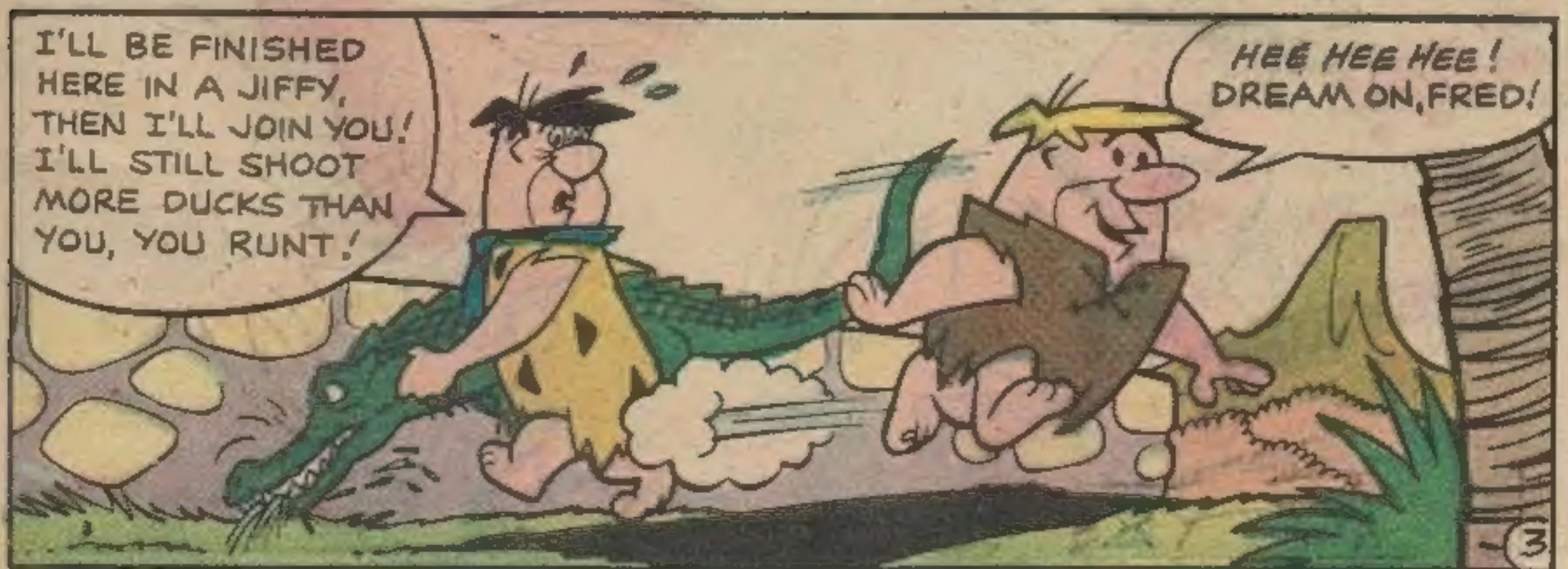
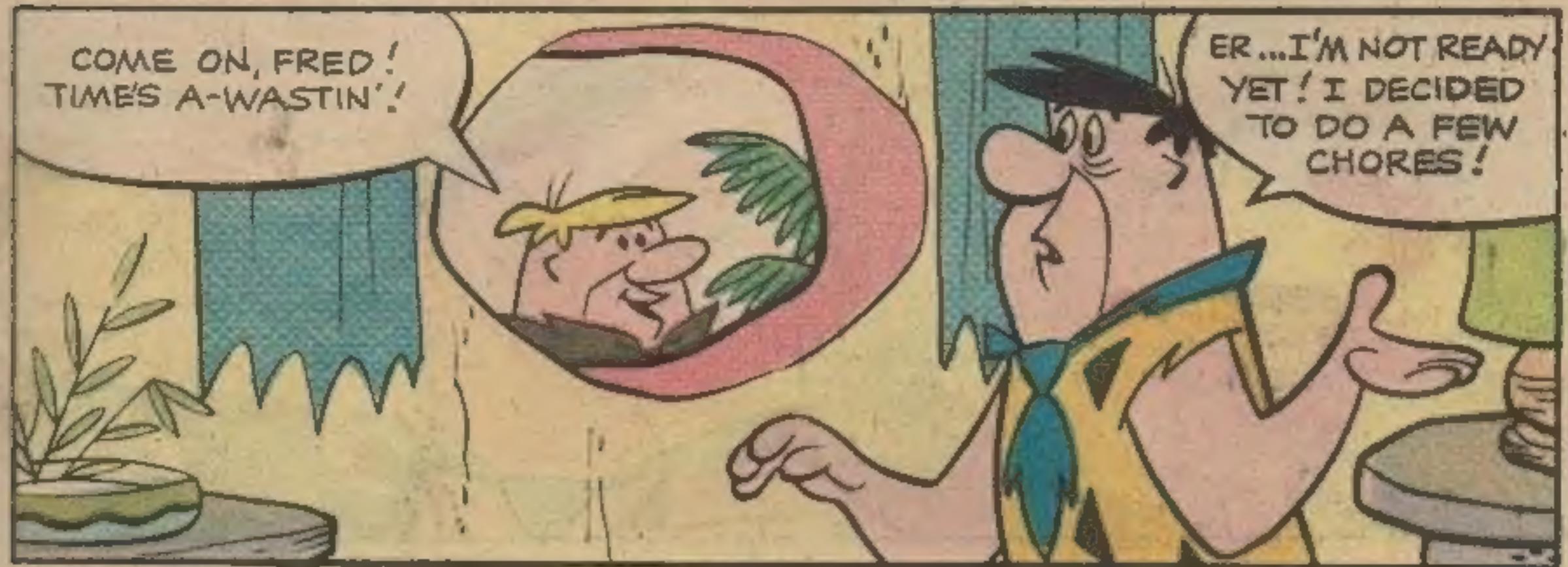
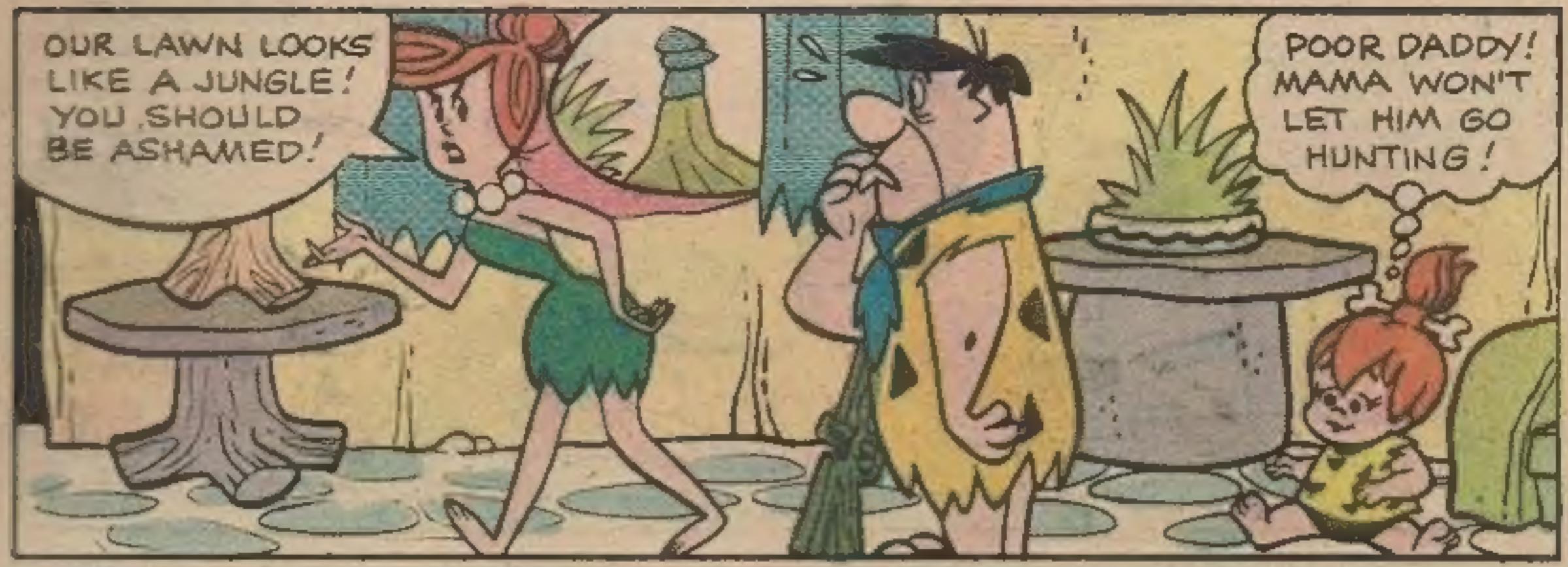


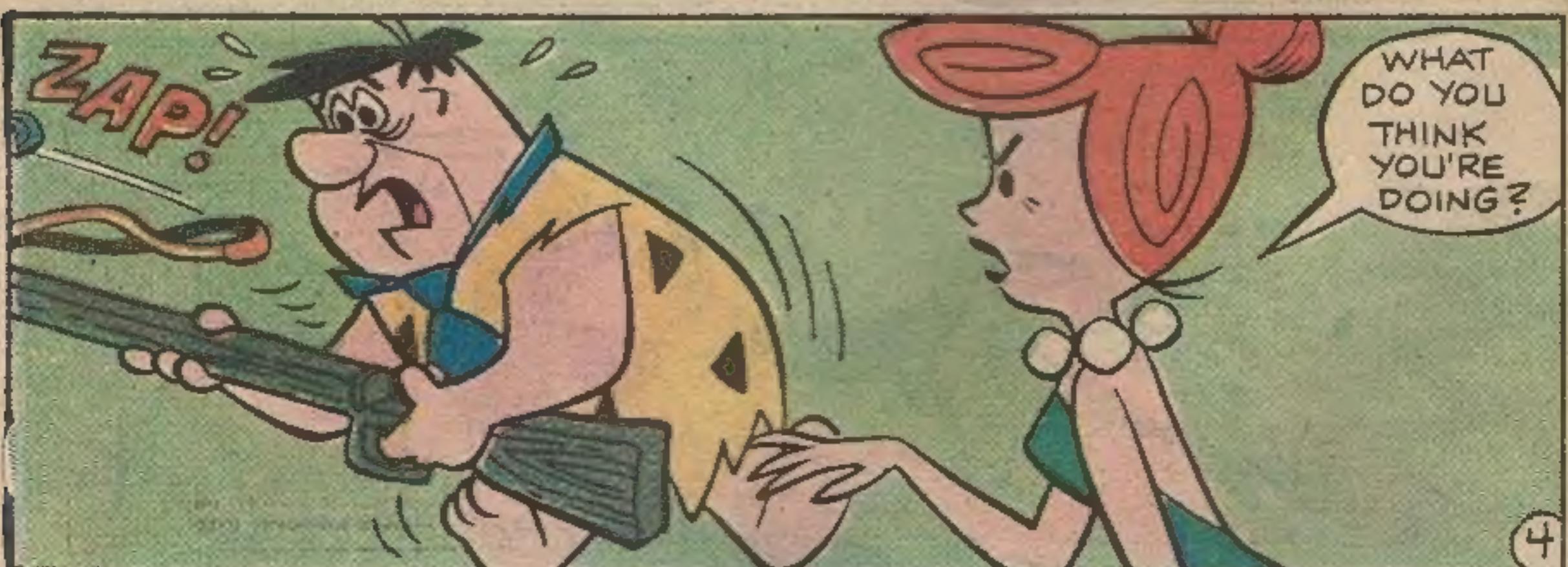
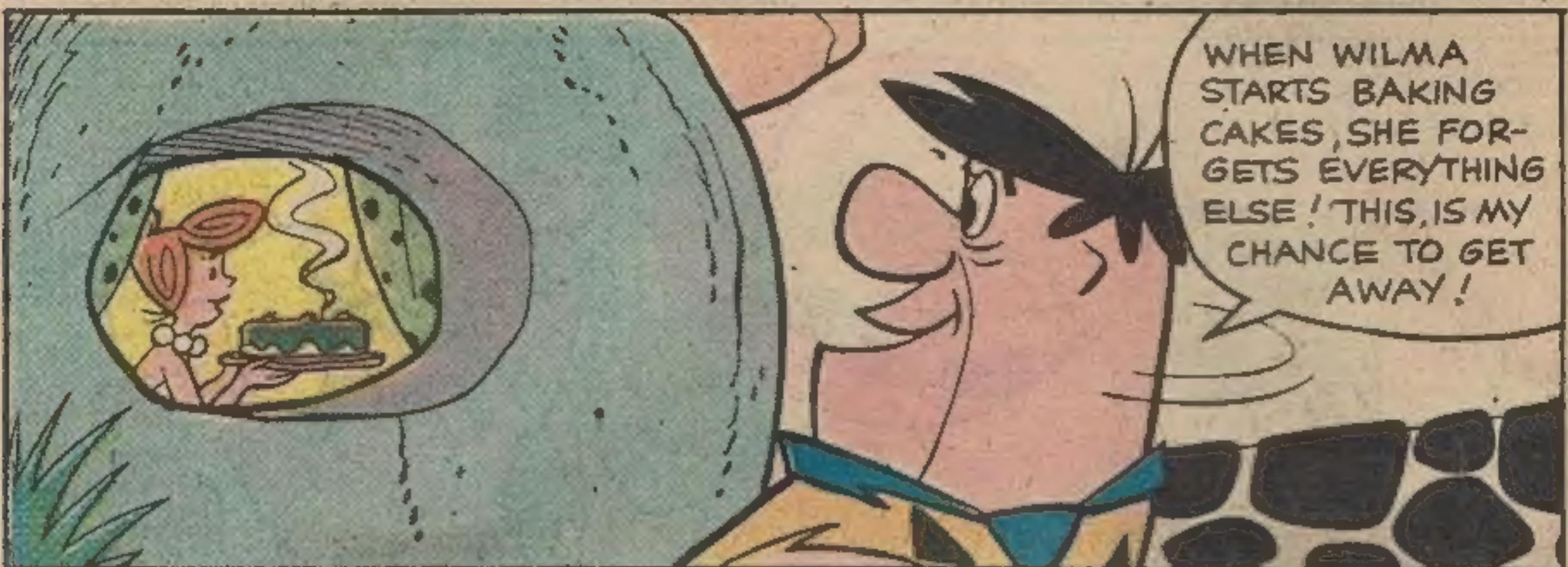
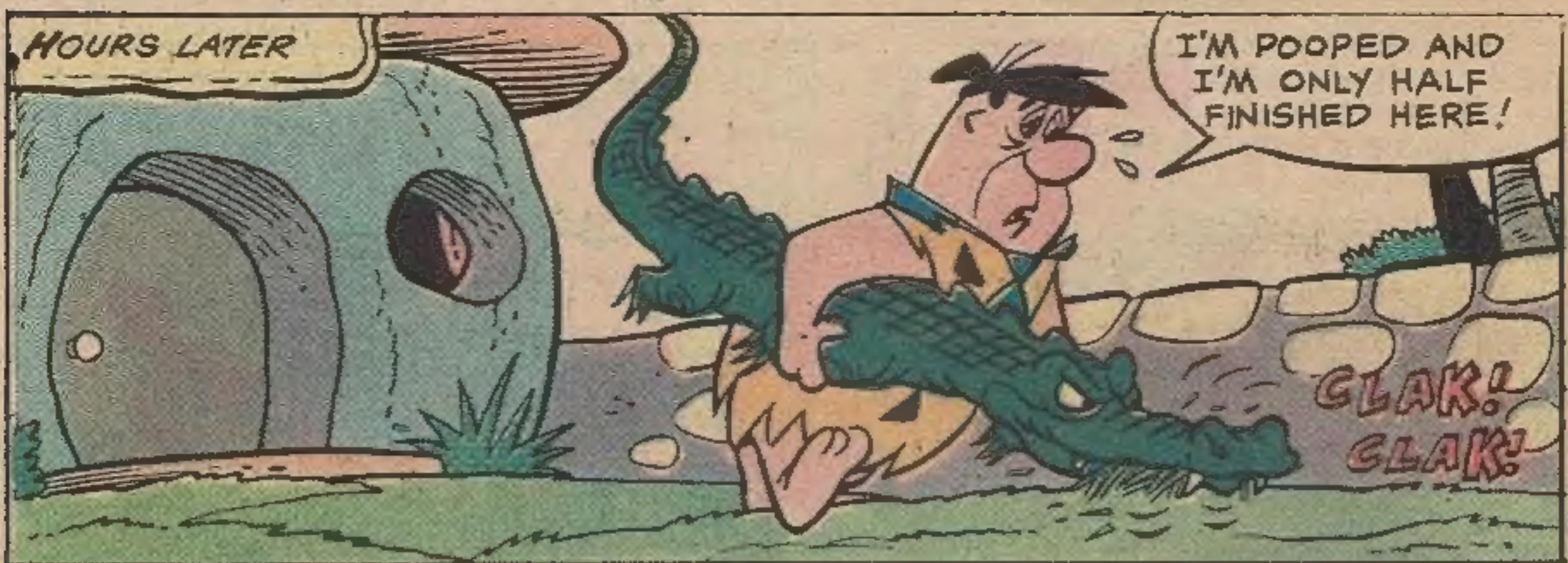
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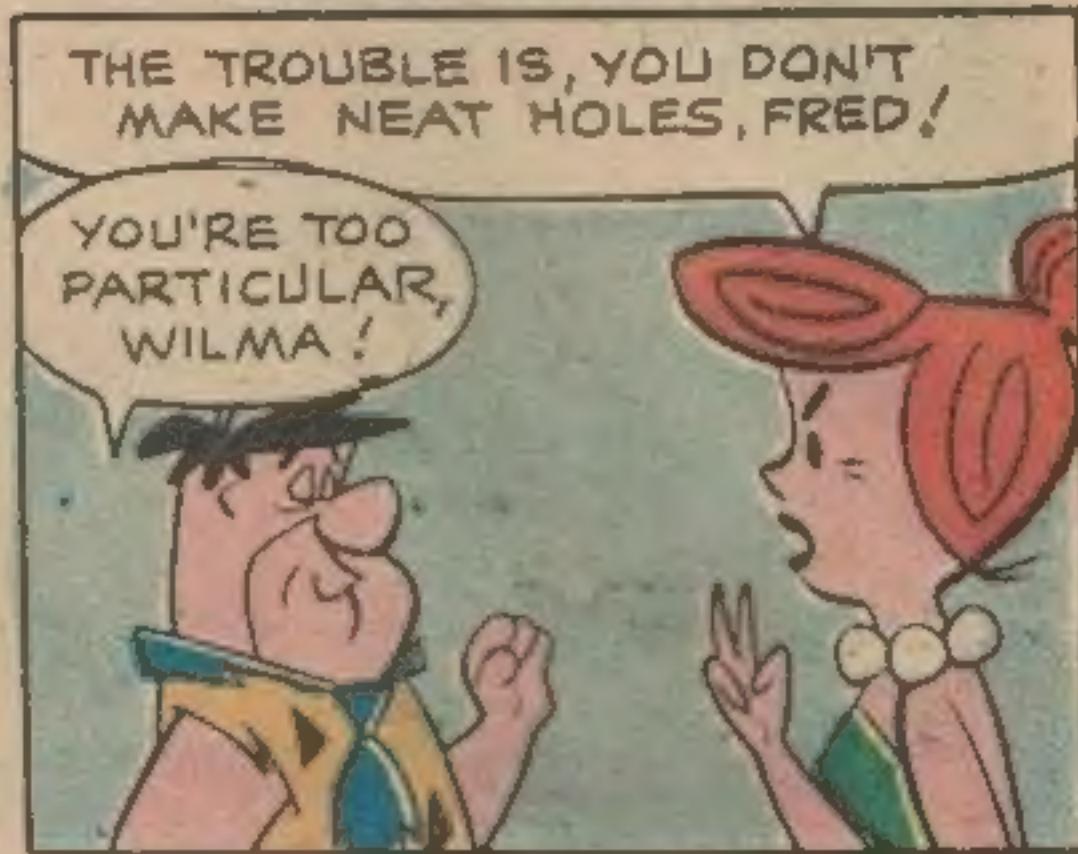
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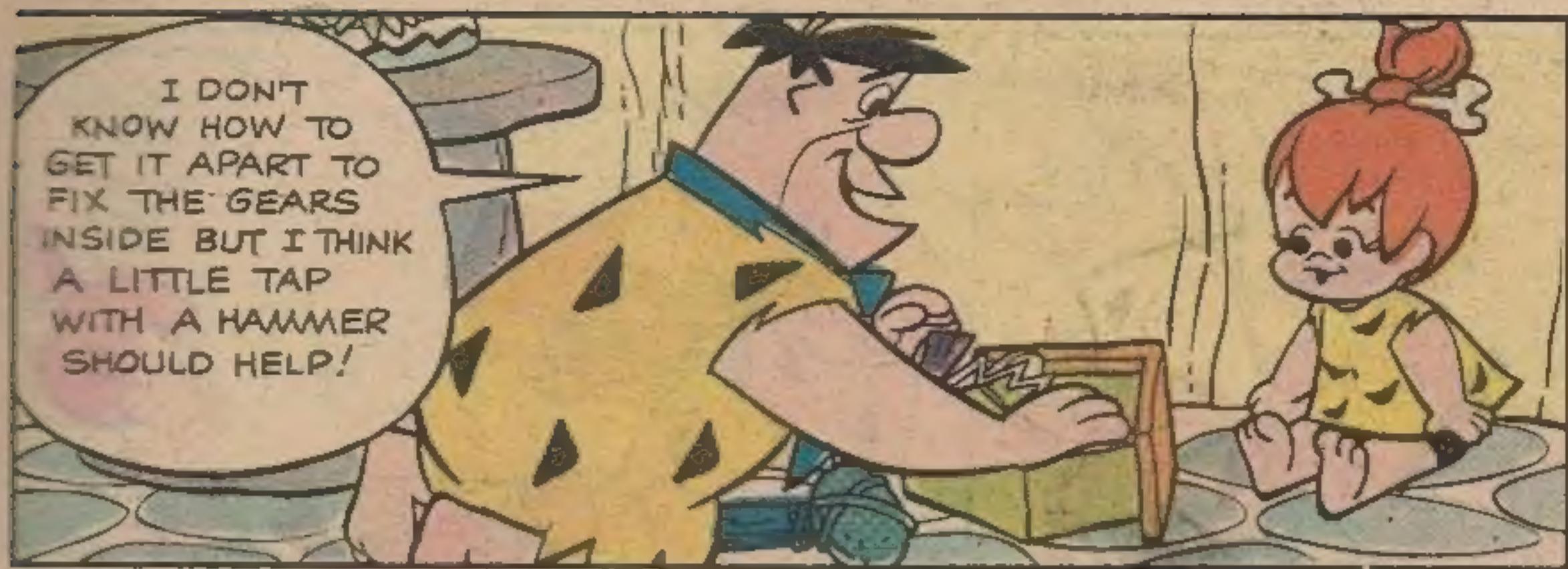






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I'VE GOT TO START SOMEWHERE ! I WONDER WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF I JUST TWIST THIS WHEEL A LITTLE.

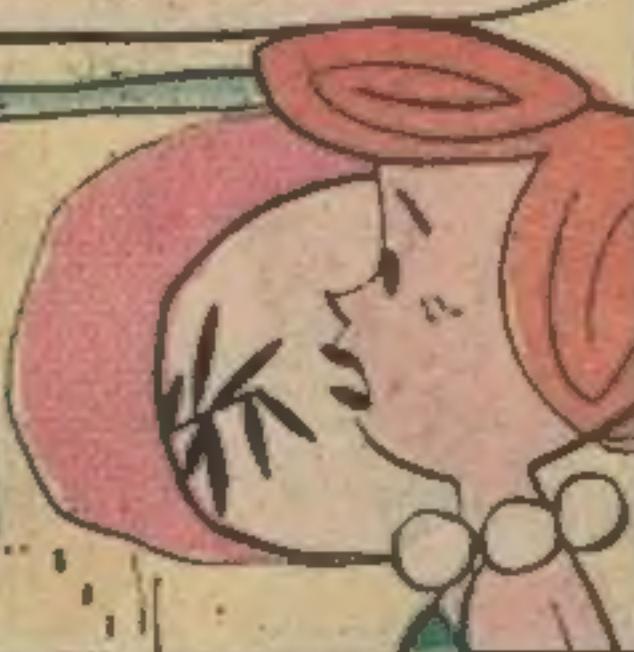


HE'S
REALLY
A VERY
FUNNY
MAN !



OH, NO ! FRED,
CAN'T YOU EVER
DO ANYTHING
RIGHT ? *

I'D BETTER TAKE THIS TO A CLOCK REPAIR
MAN AND GET HIM TO GET THIS SPRING
OFF MY NECK ! IT'S CHOKING ME !

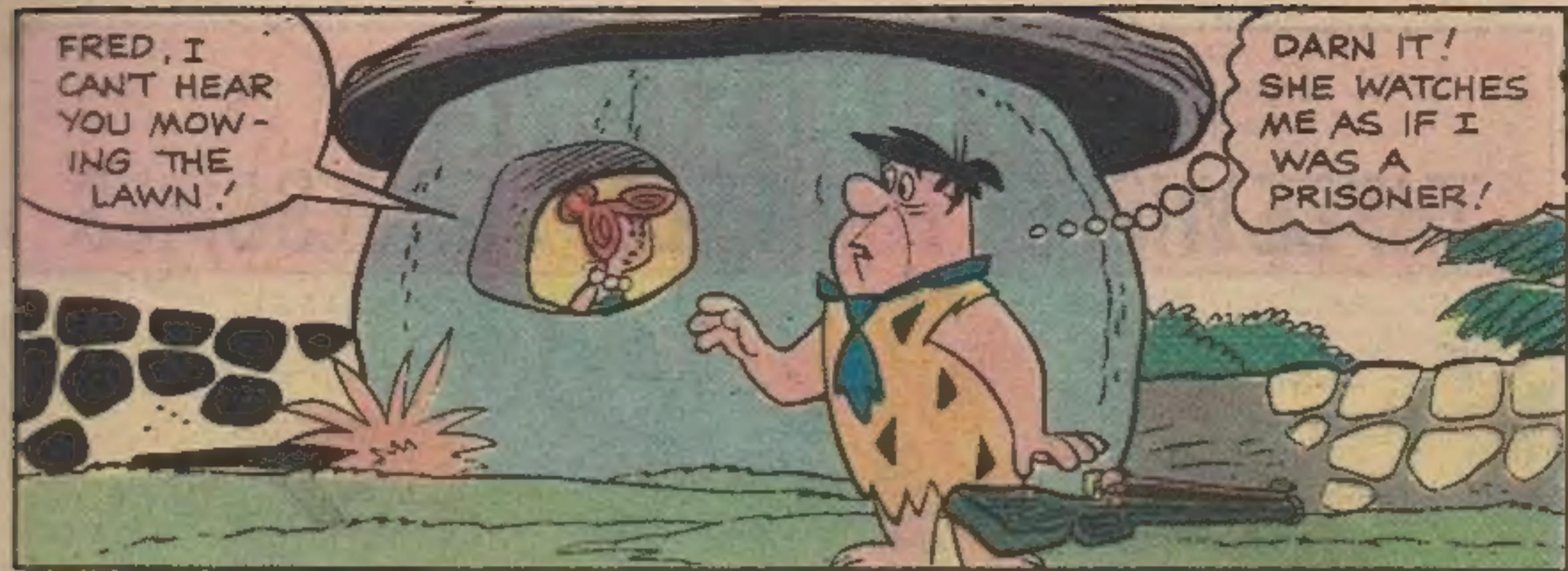


NEVER MIND THAT ! GET OUT
THERE AND FINISH THE LAWN.
YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO
DO THAT SIMPLE JOB !



THIS IS
MY CHANCE
TO SNEAK
AWAY AND
GO HUNTING !





The FLINTSTONES

THREE WISHES FOR FRED & THE GRUESOMES

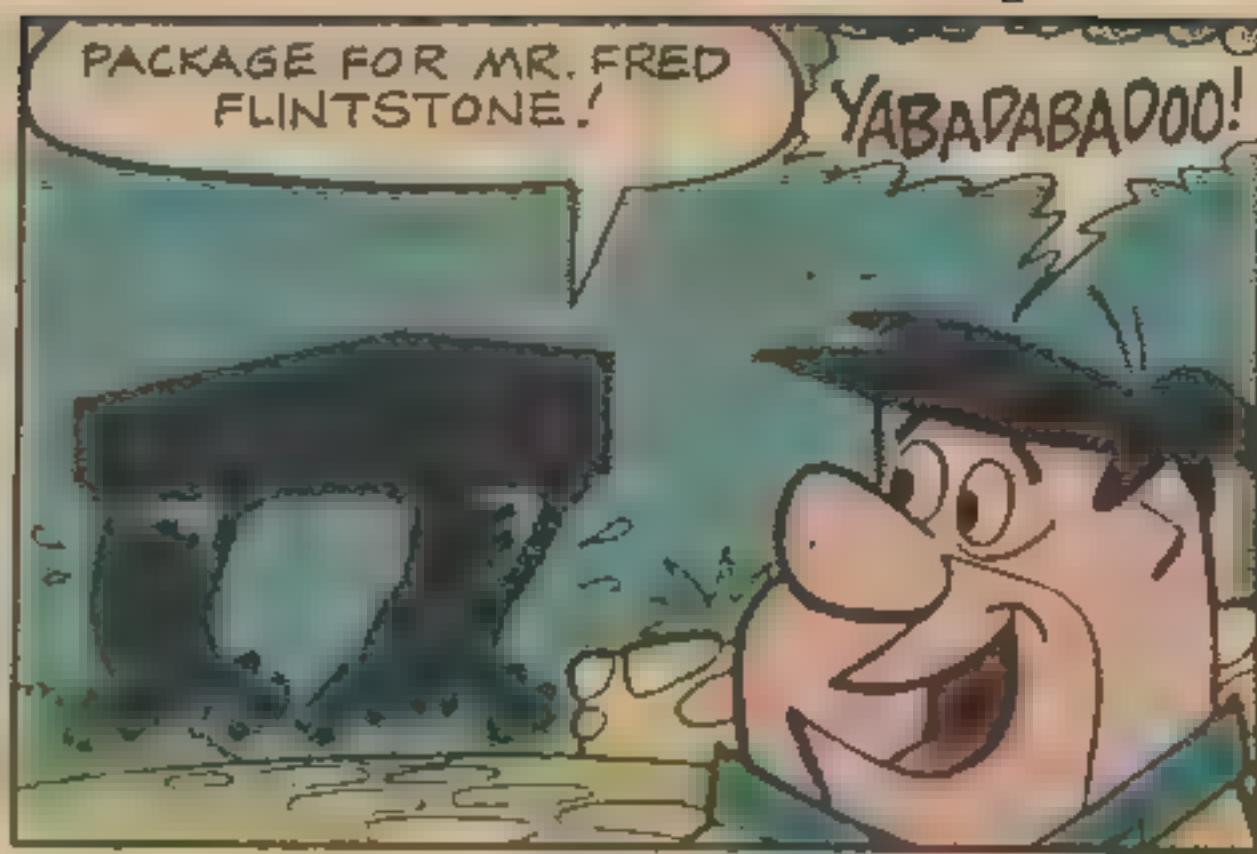


MEANWHILE, THINGS ARE PEACE-
-- FOR A CHANGE IN BEDROCK

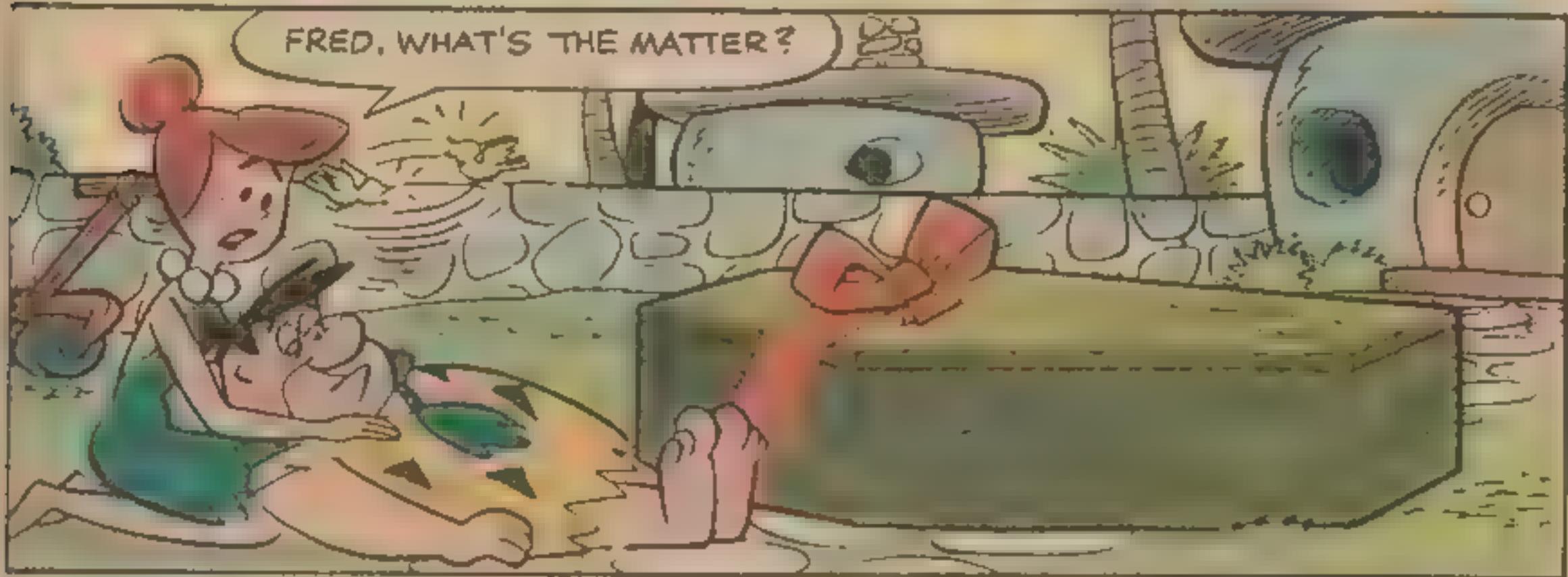


PACKAGE FOR MR. FRED
FLINTSTONE!

YABADABADOO!



FRED, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

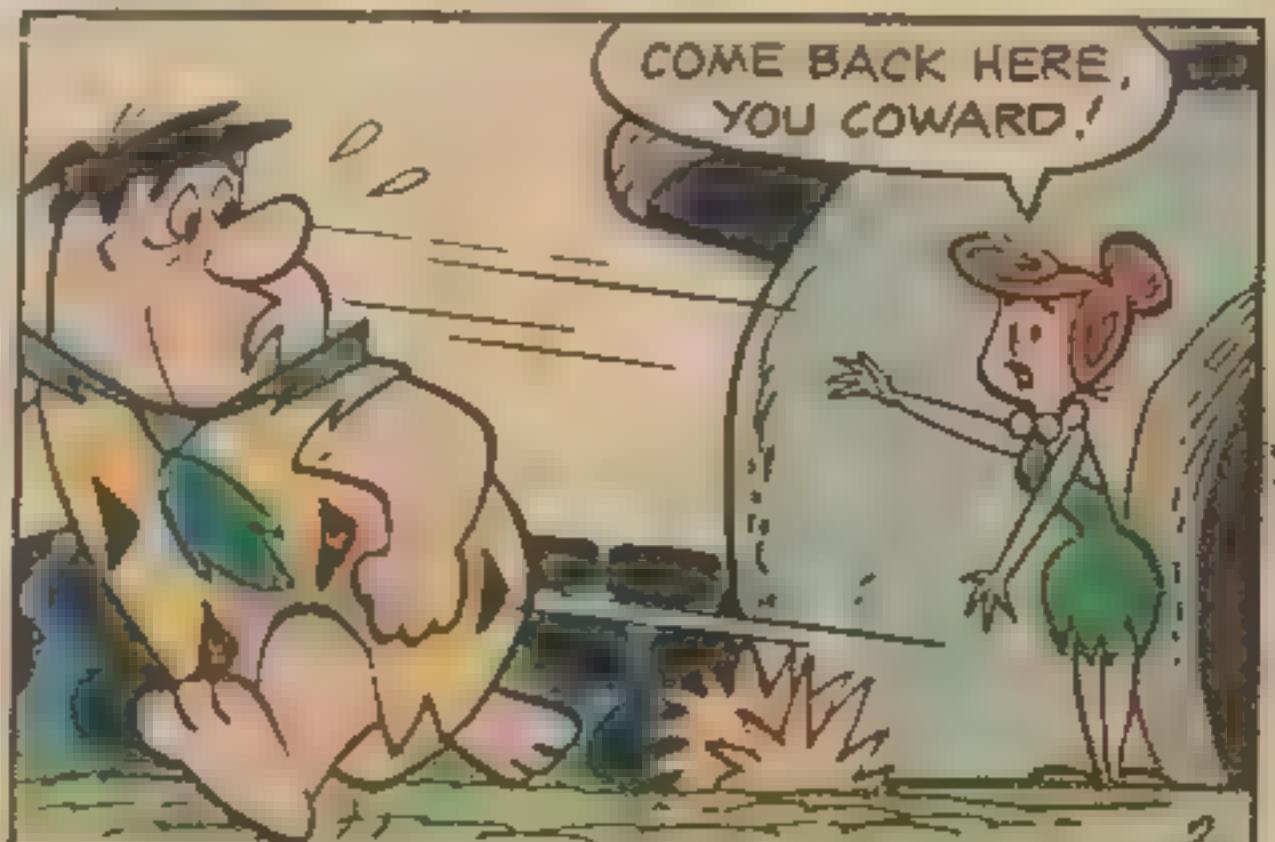


DON'T BE FRIGHTENED,
FRED! THIS IS JUST A
PRESENT FROM OUR
FRIENDS, THE GRUESOMES!

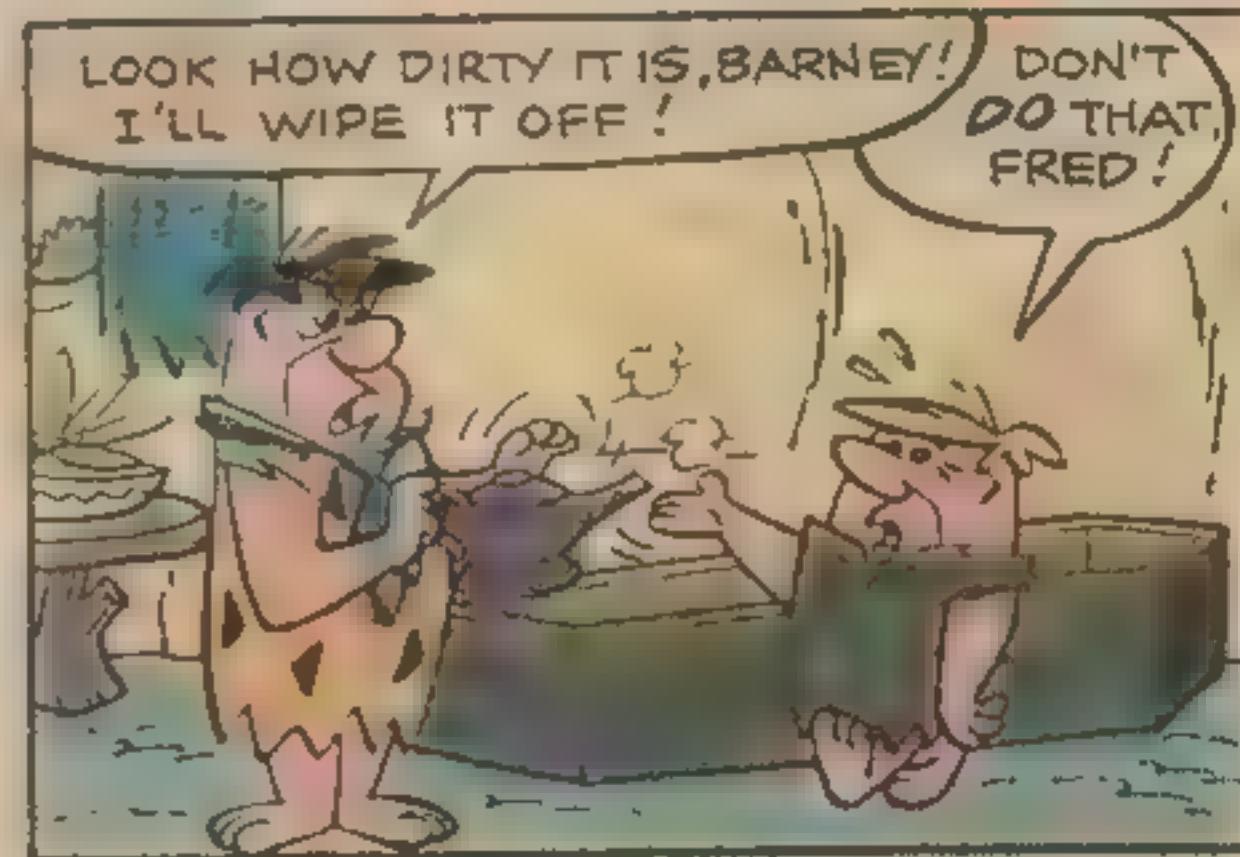
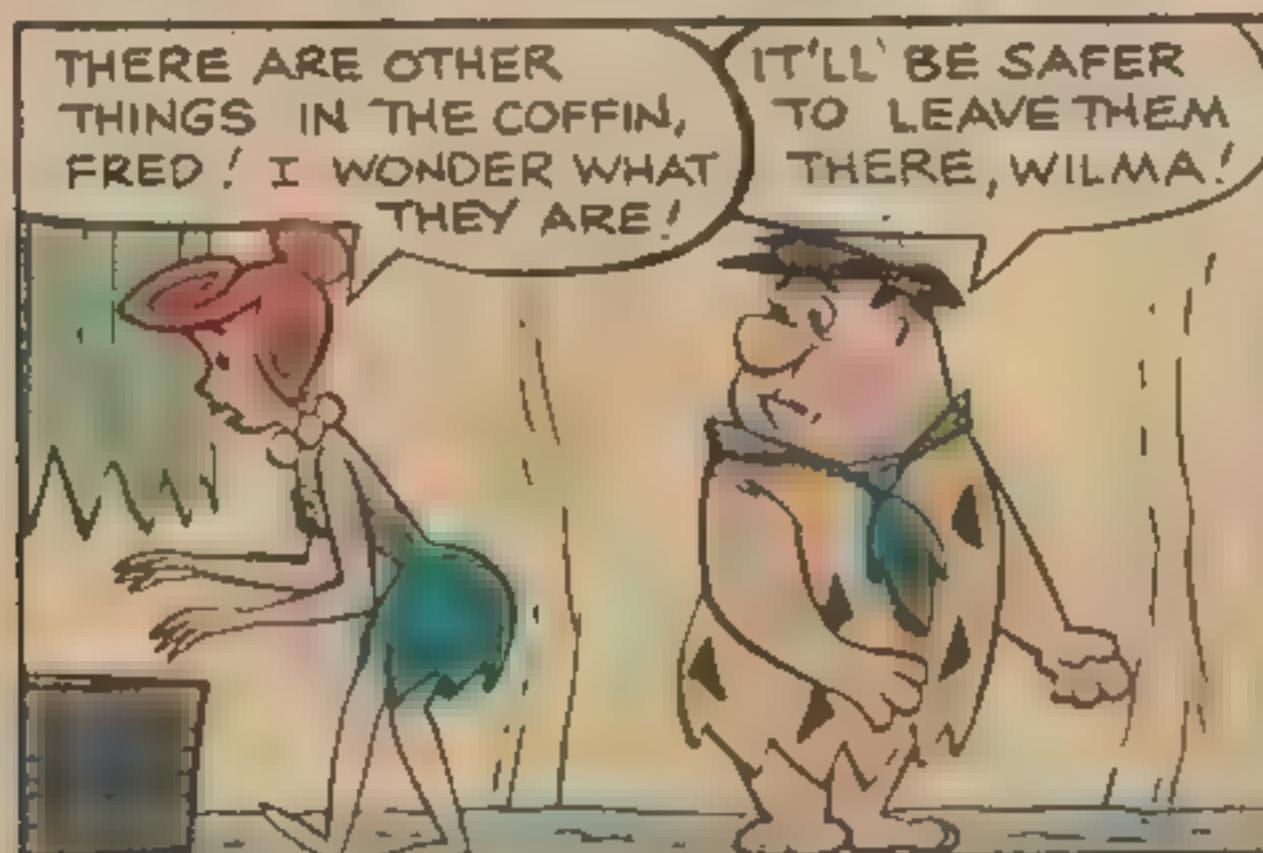
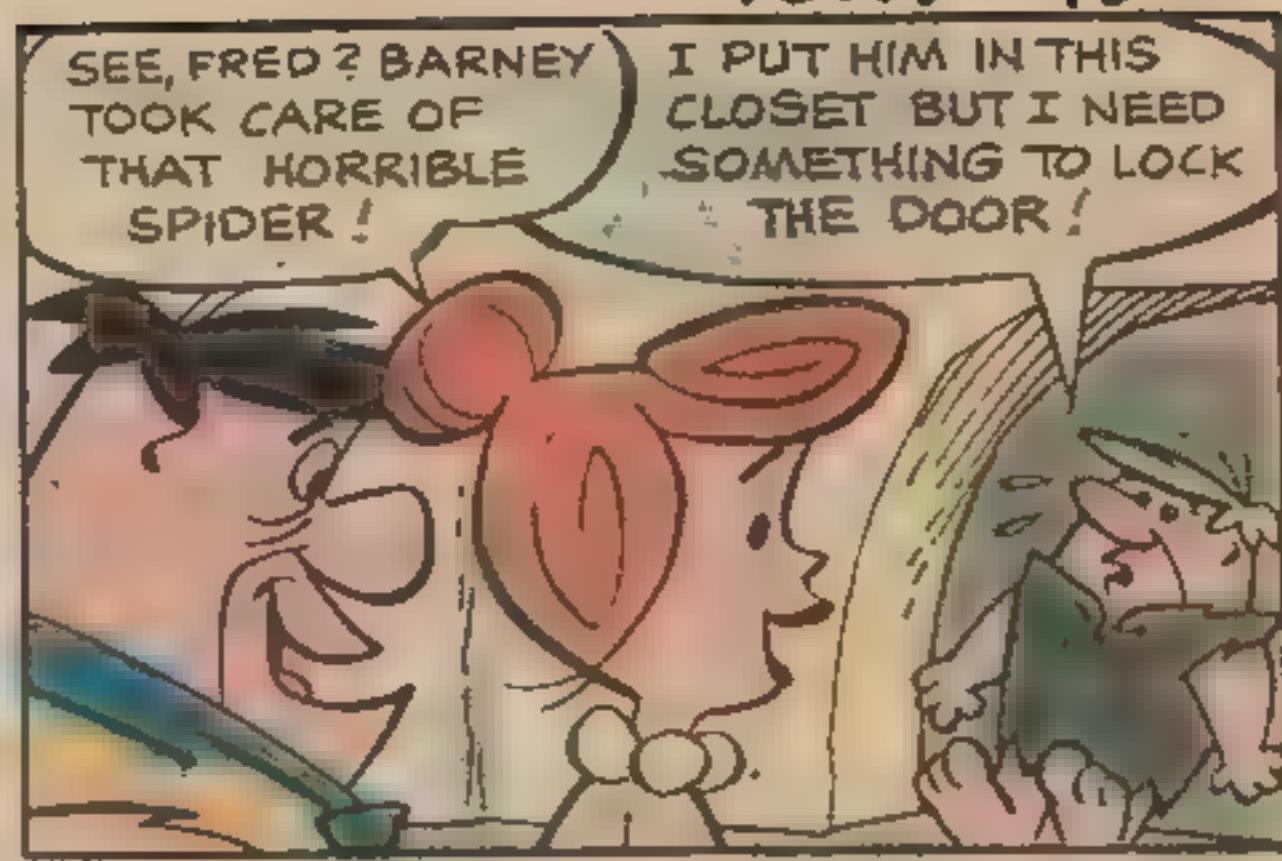
WHAT A HORRIBLE
WAY TO GIFT-WRAP
A PRESENT IN
A COFFIN!

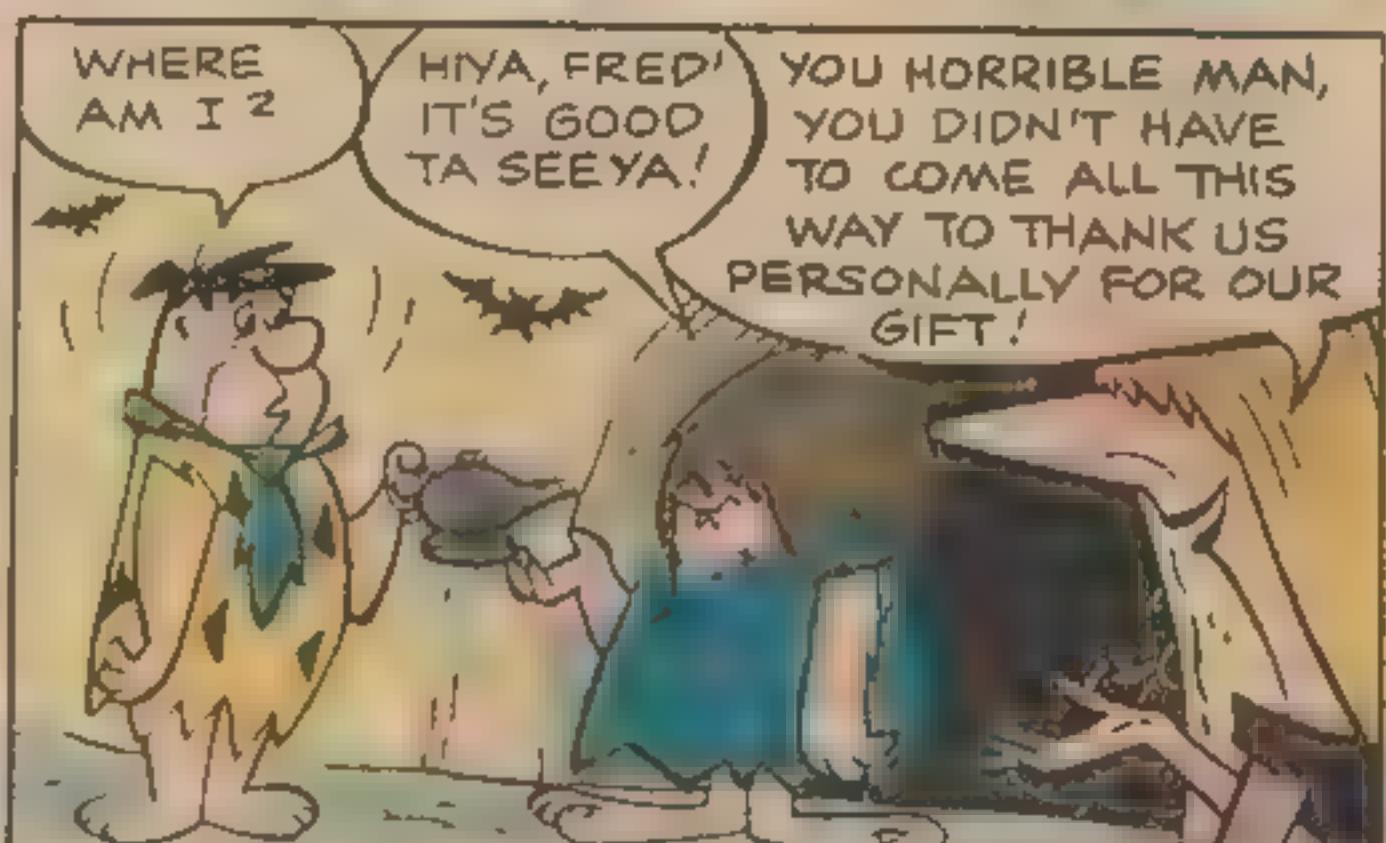
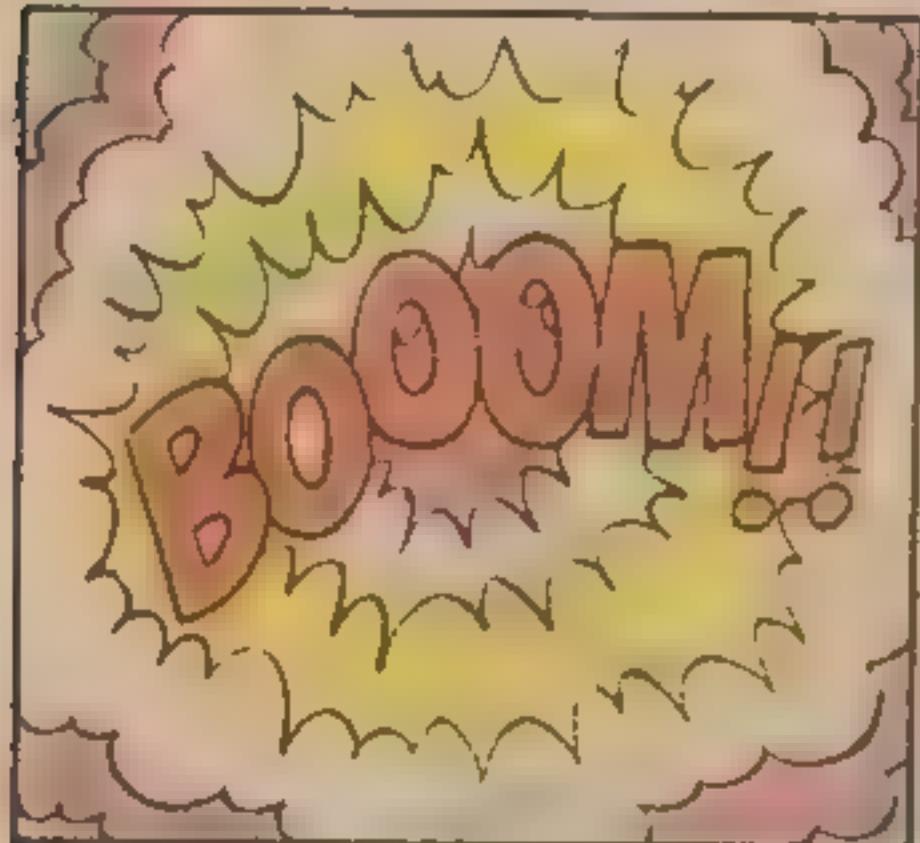


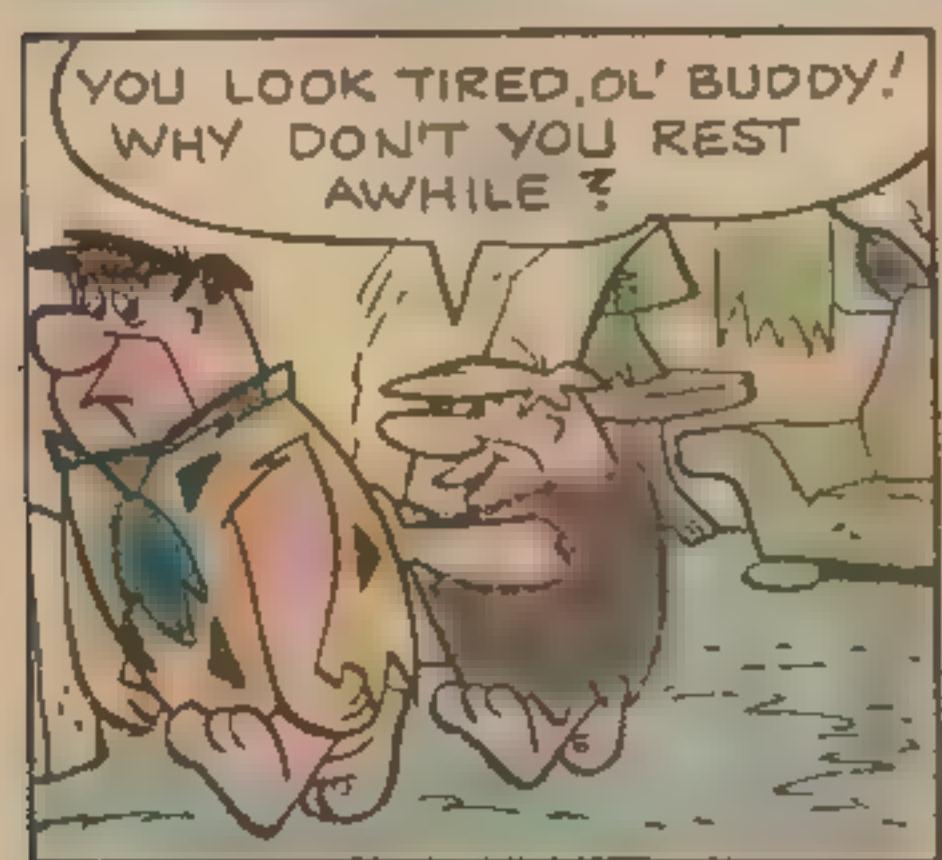
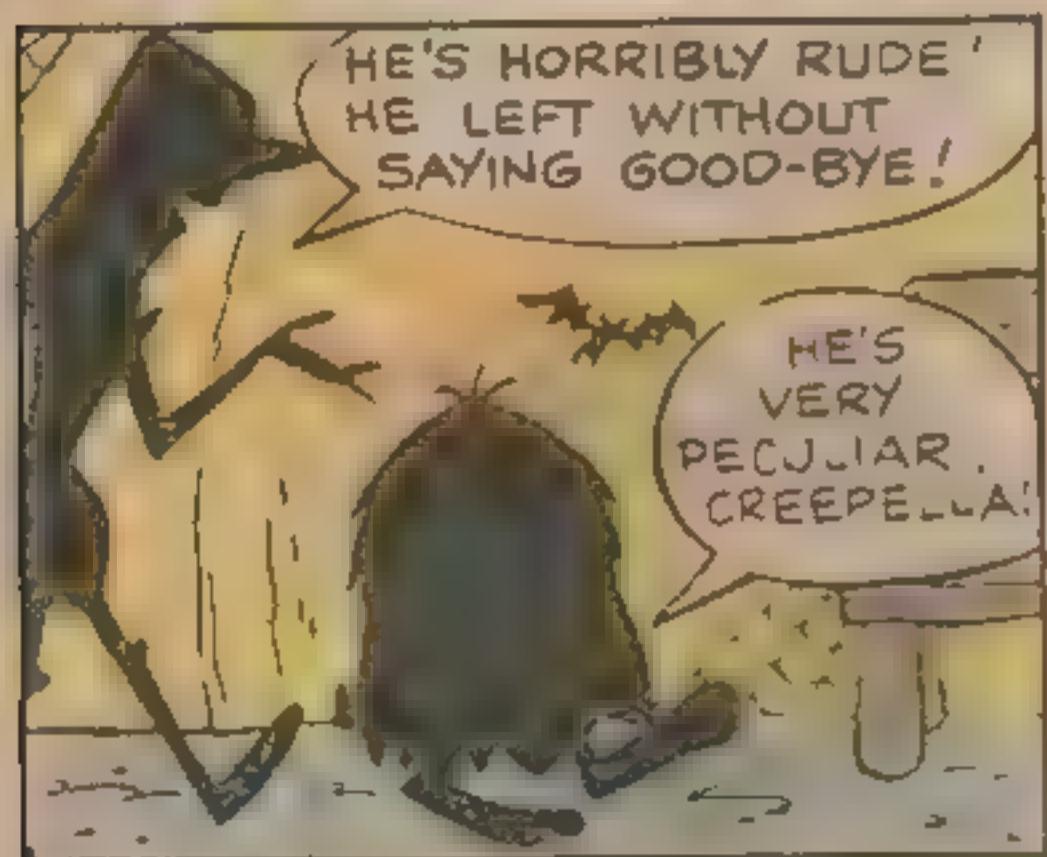
LET'S SEE
WHAT'S
INSIDE!

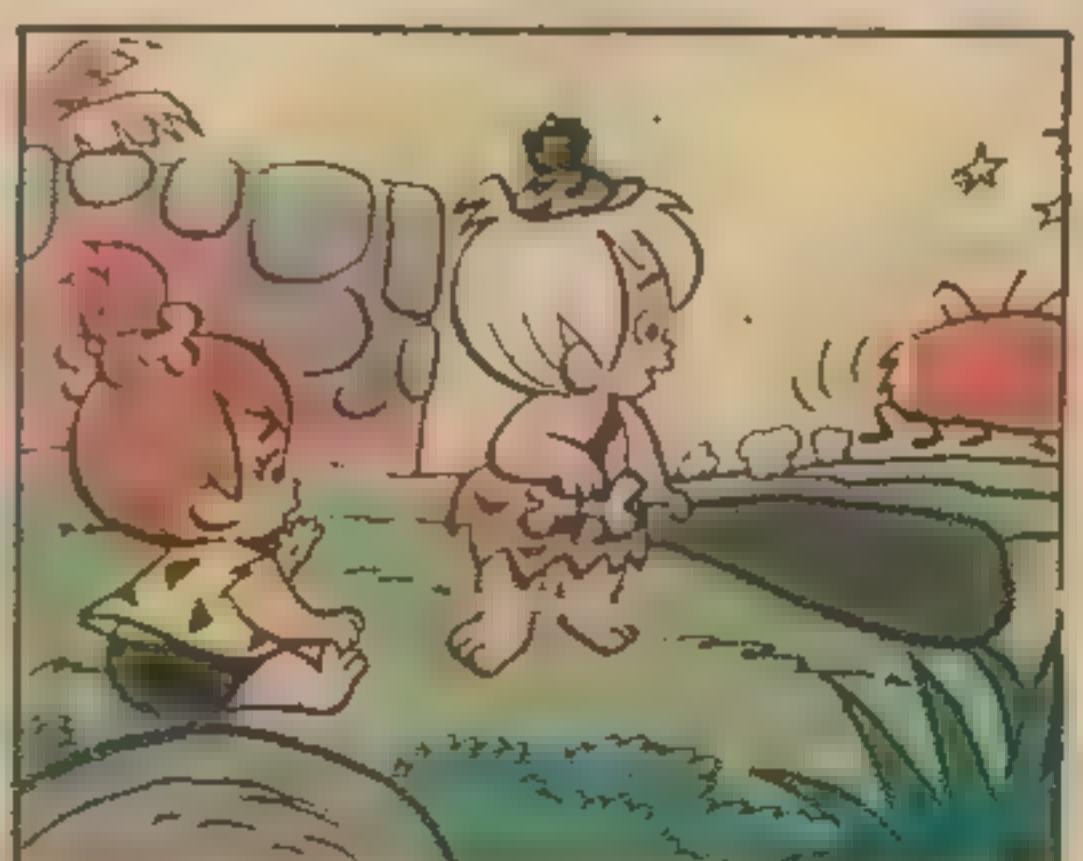
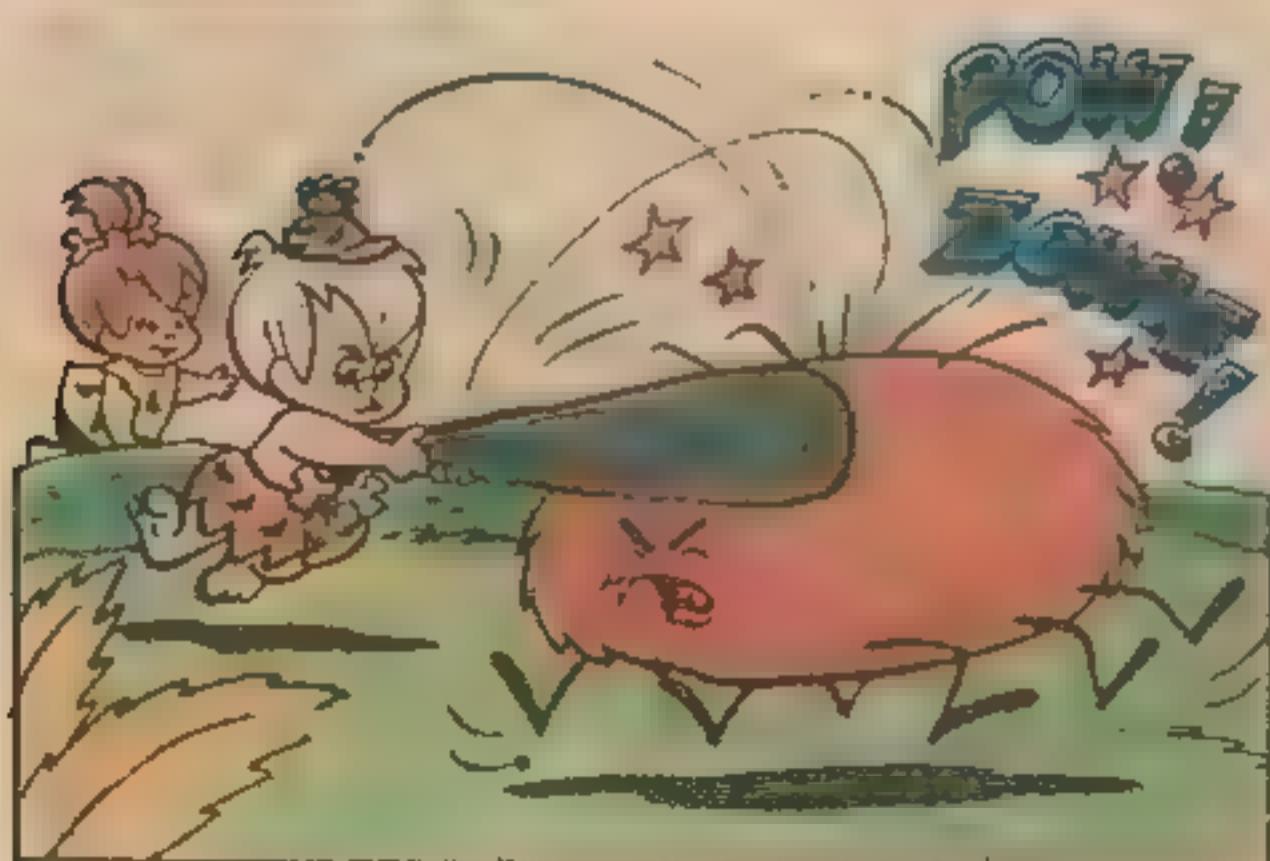
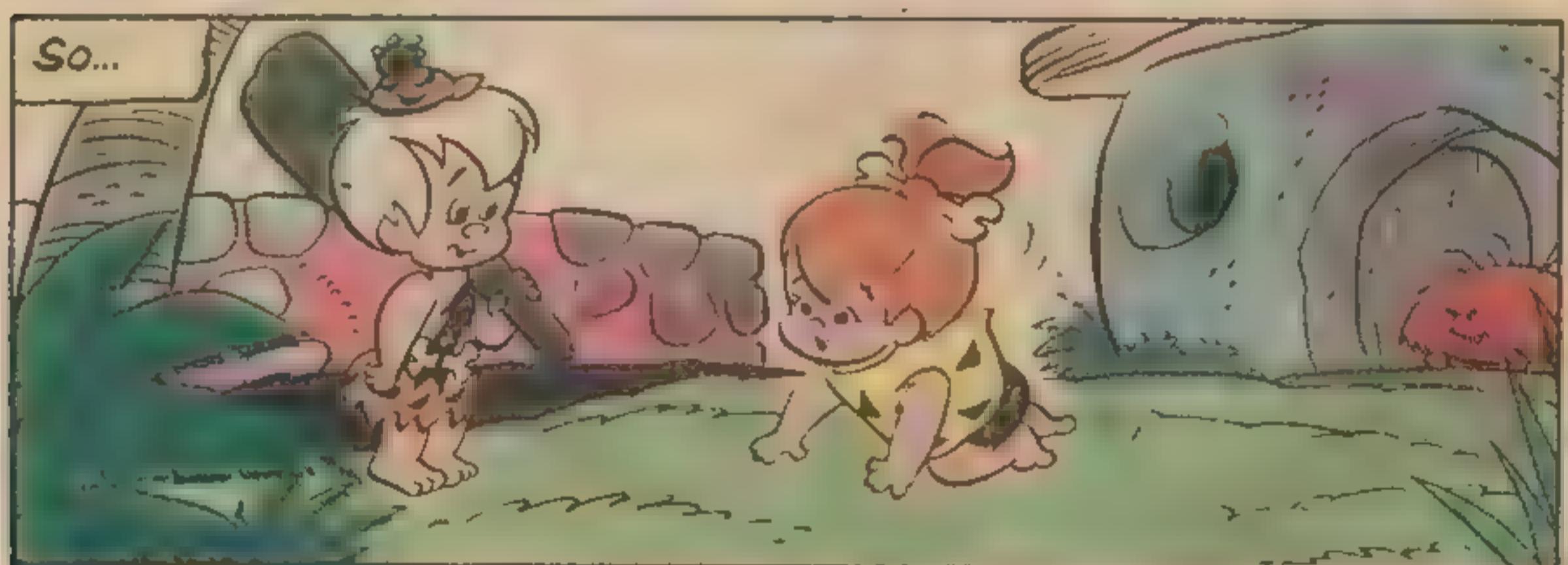
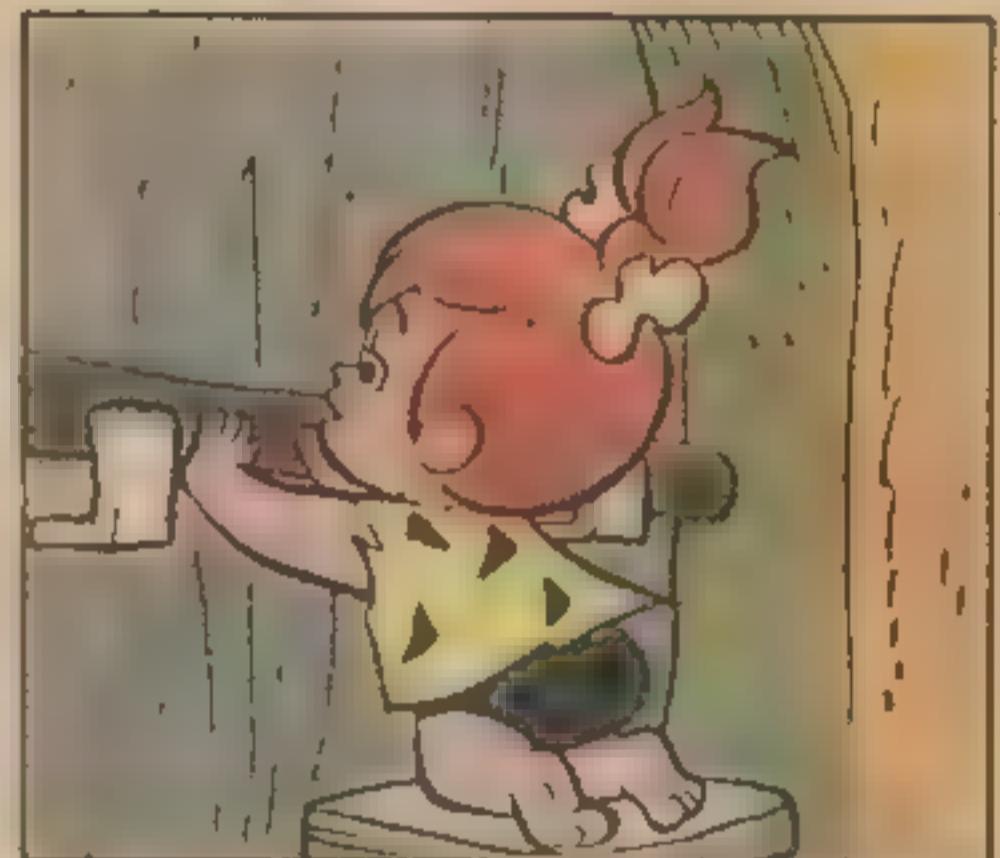
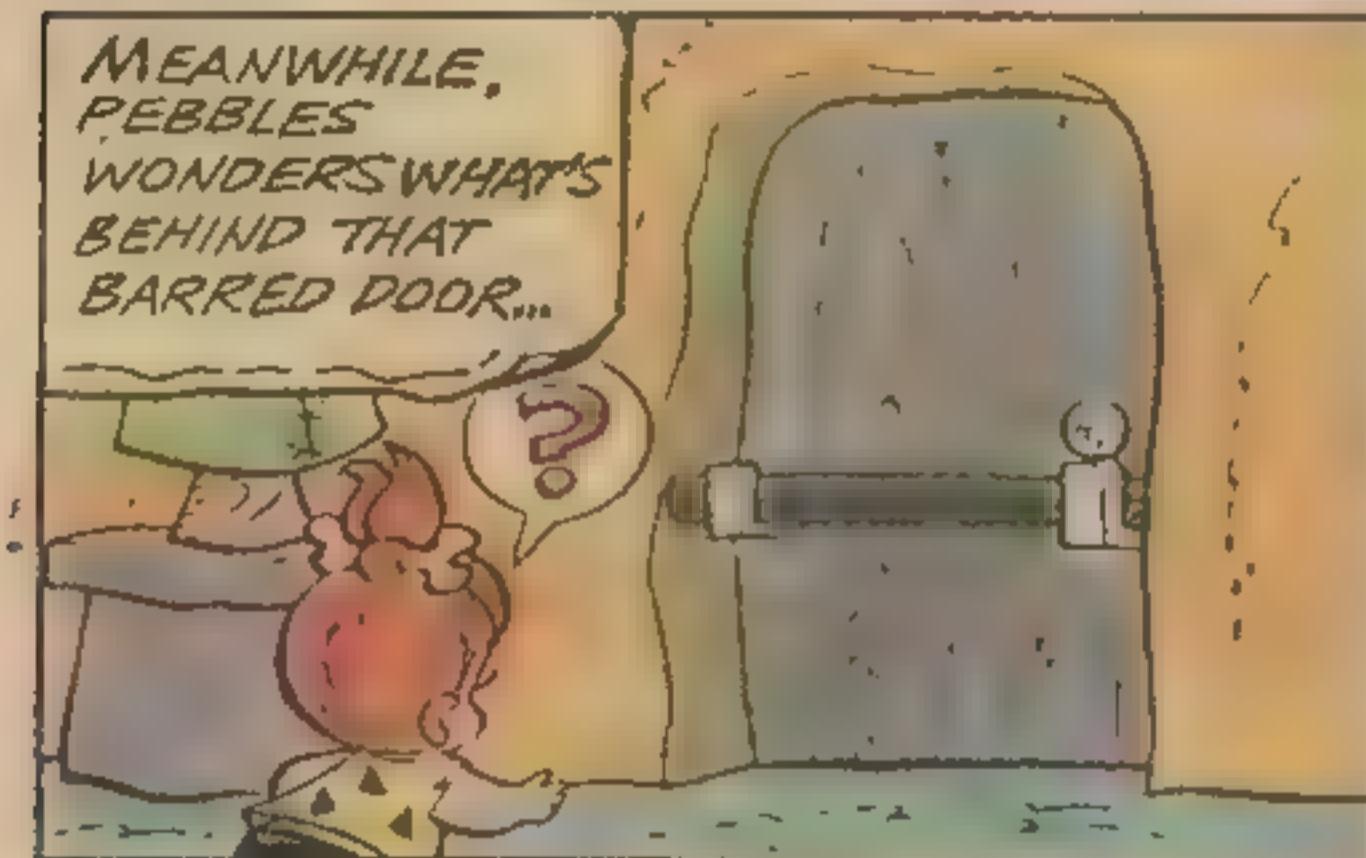


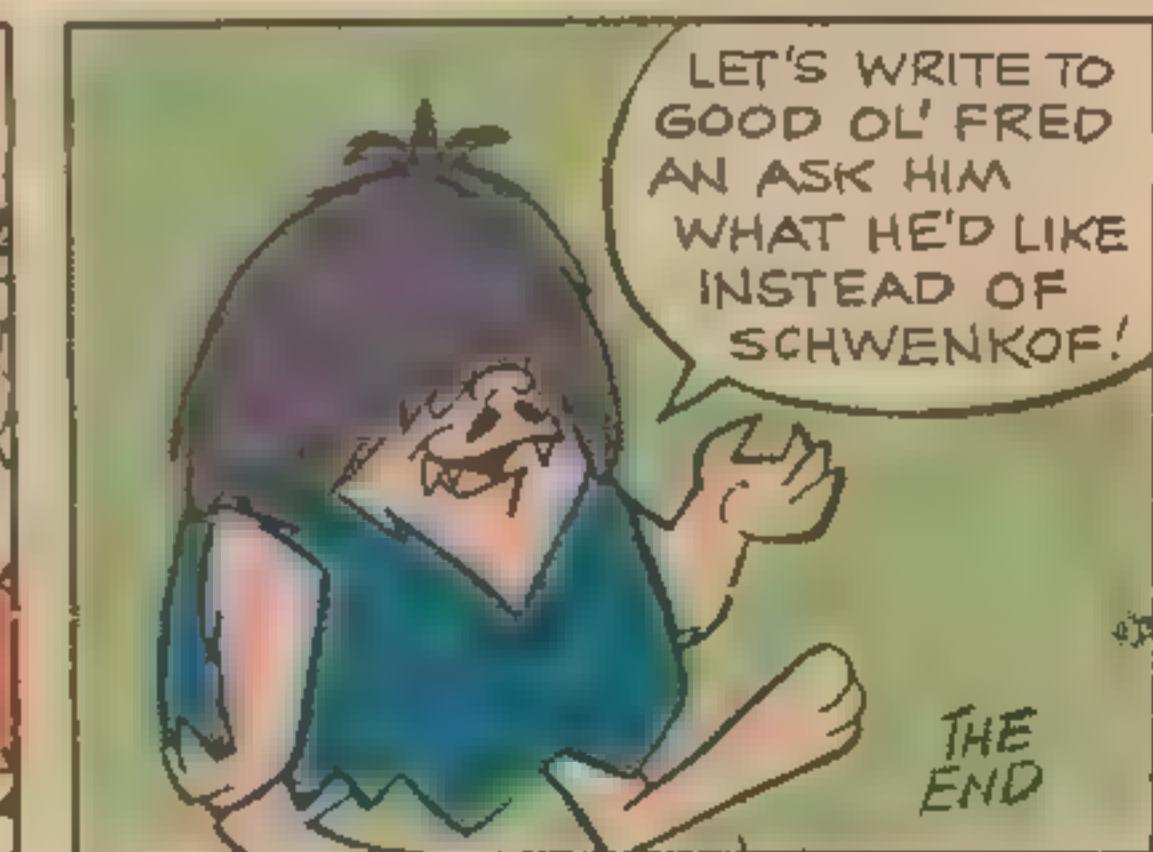
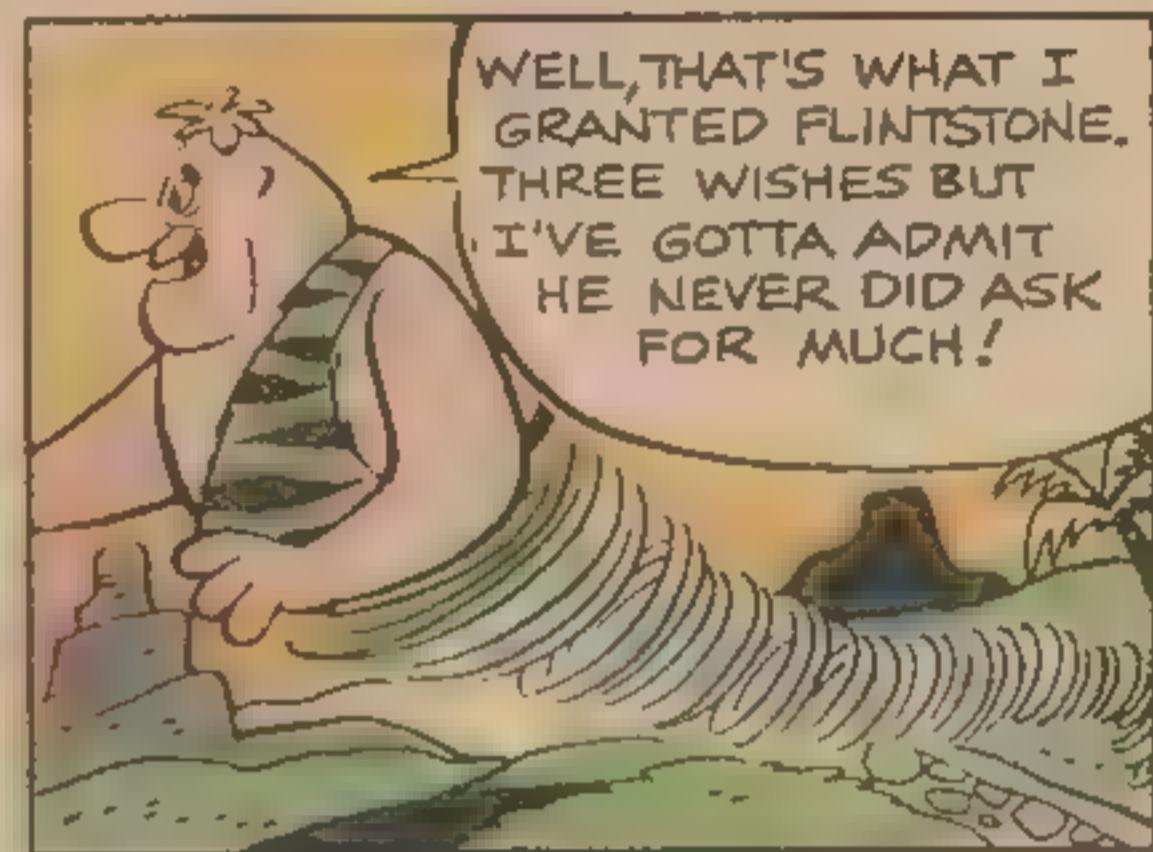
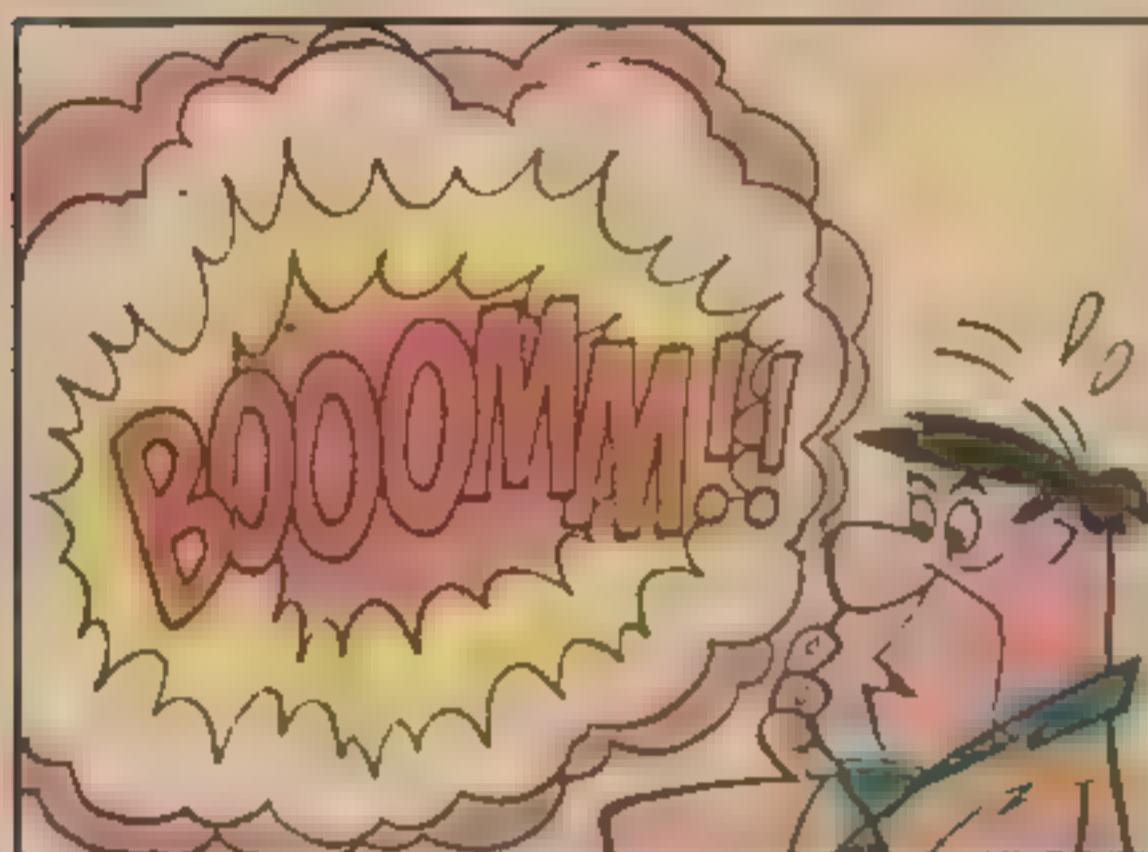
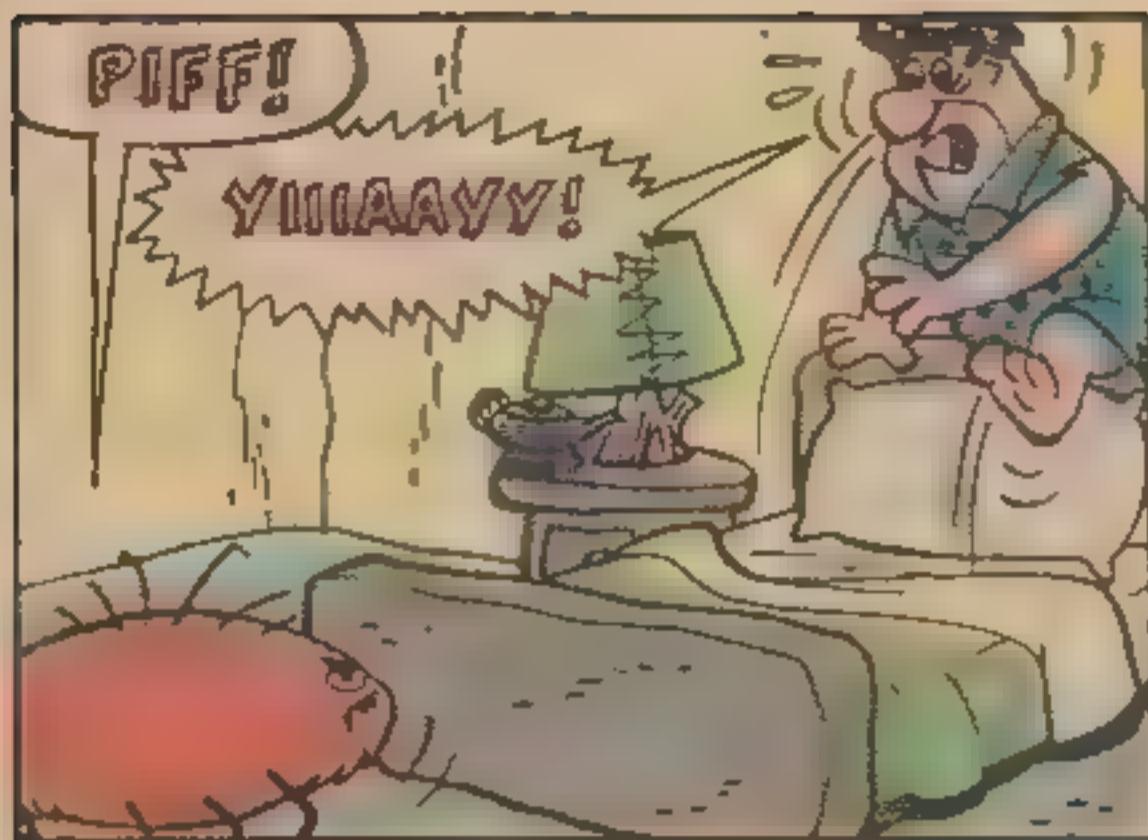
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OH, WHERE OH, WHERE is there

I.

We are going on an expedition,
For a very important mission,
To get some fresh air.
And when we find the slightest trace,
Regardless of where is the place,
We will let you know where.

II.

We have a very big world map,
Our guide is a very wise chap,
He knows what to do.
We have devised a smart plan,
But we will carry an electric fan,
In case we should find CO₂.

III.

I am not a silly old crank,
I just keep Oxygen in my tank,
Should I find Carbon Monoxide.
It is not a very easy task,
To wear that new gas mask,
At least my face it will hide.

IV

Perhaps in outer space,
We may find a trace,
Of Real Pure Air
We may all have to go,
A billion miles or so,
To see if it is there.

V

Soon there will be a sad tale,
When you find fresh air for sale,
More precious than gold.
I know that we better worry,
And now we should all hurry,
Or we won't grow old!

VI.

Martians do not need fresh air,
They breath whatever is there,
But we aren't the same.
So start using your smart mind,
A solution we must soon find,
It will bring you fortune and fame.

VII.

It will be a terrible thing,
What a calamity it will bring,
If they ration Fresh Air!
And throughout all the nations,
Will be clean air stations,
To breathe you must go there.

VIII.

There is an easier solution,
All unite and fight pollution,
And the skies will be bright.
Then clean air will be free,
For you and you and for me,
And we can tell day from night.

Harold Gluck

FRESH AIR?

The Flintstones ⁱⁿ Peace and Quiet

LET'S GO BOWLING WITH THE BOYS TONIGHT, BARNEY! WE'LL HAVE A BLAST!

NOT ME, FRED! I'M GONNA STAY HOME WHERE IT'S NICE AND QUIET! I'VE GOT TO RELAX!

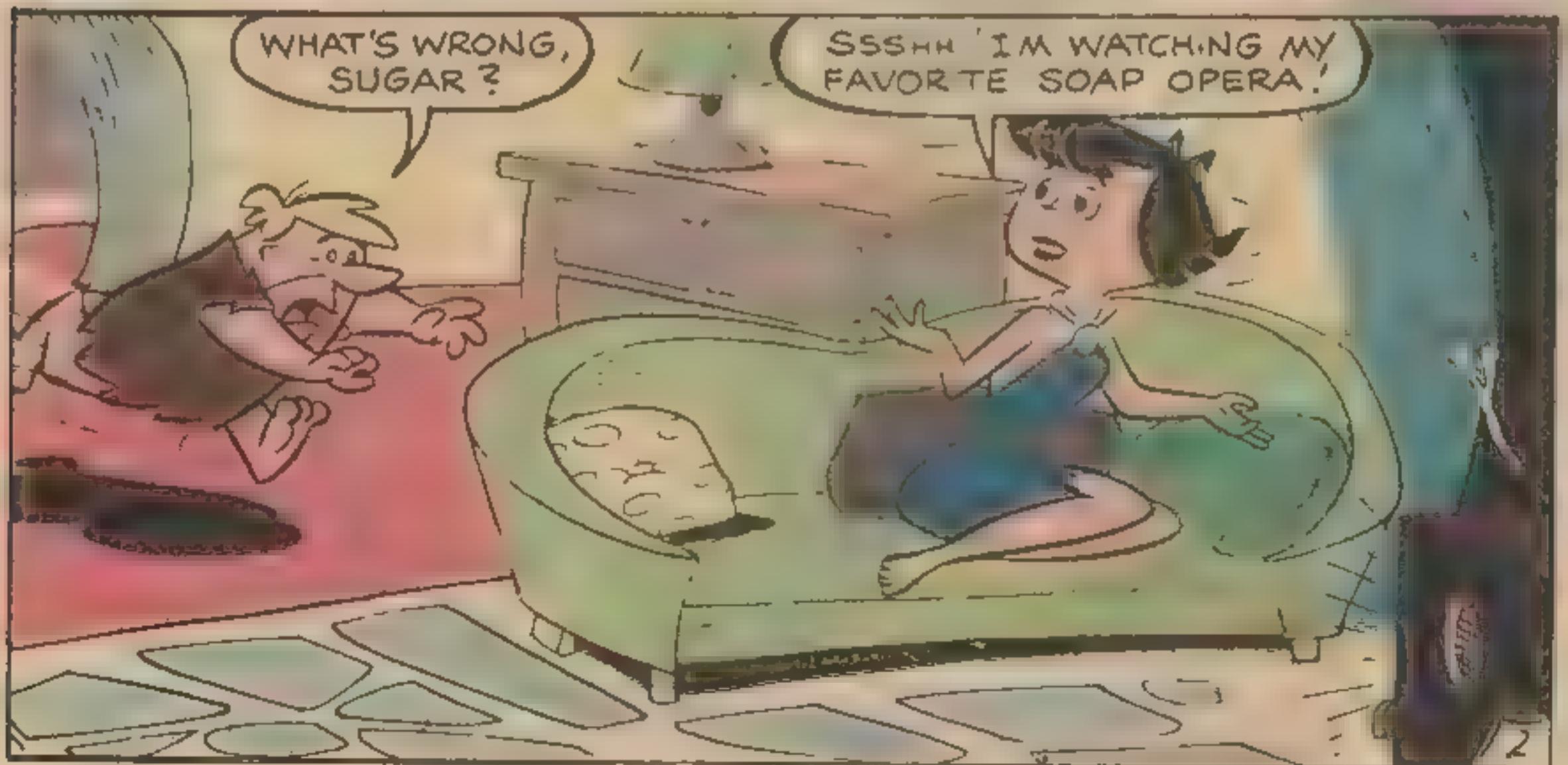
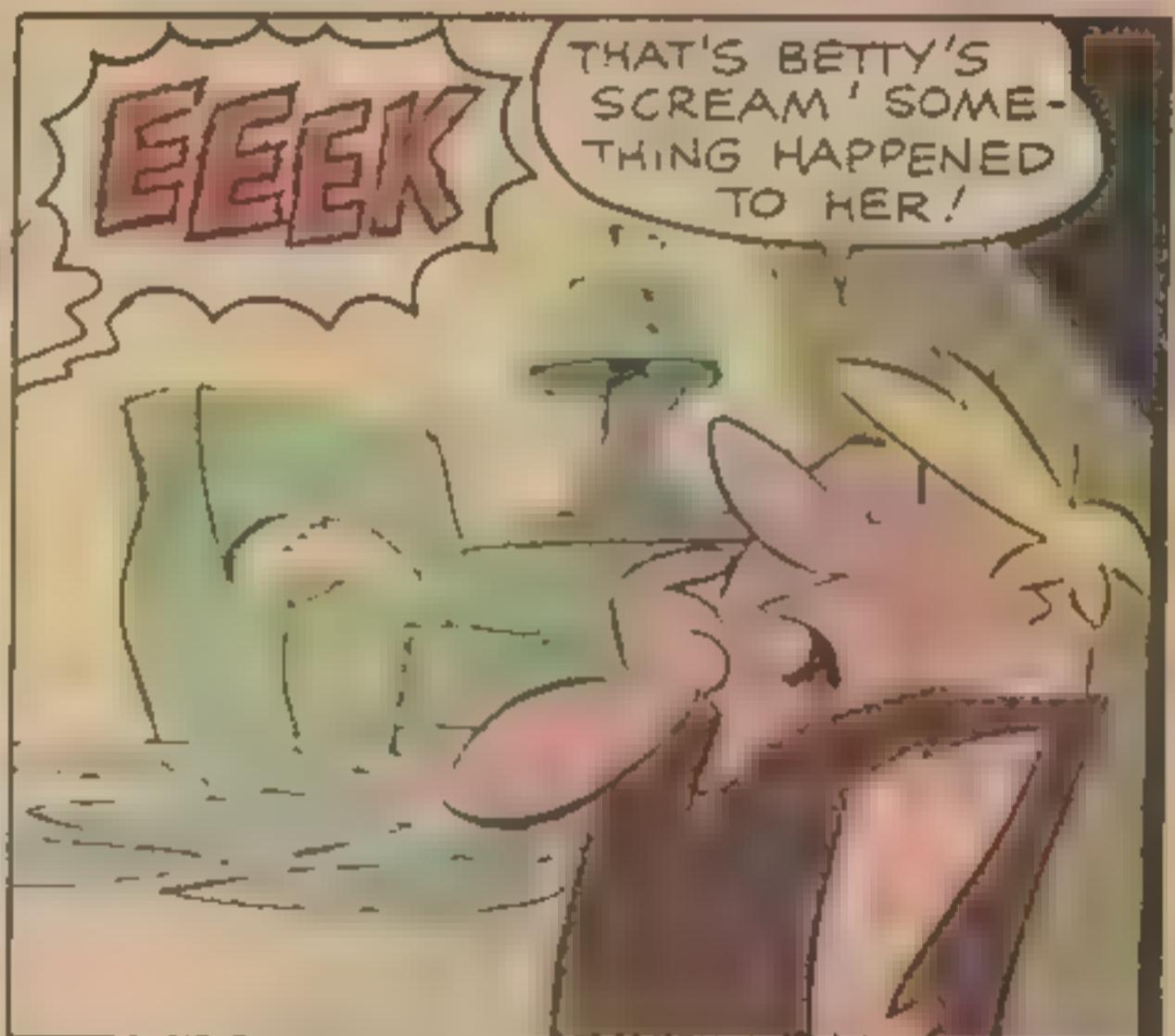
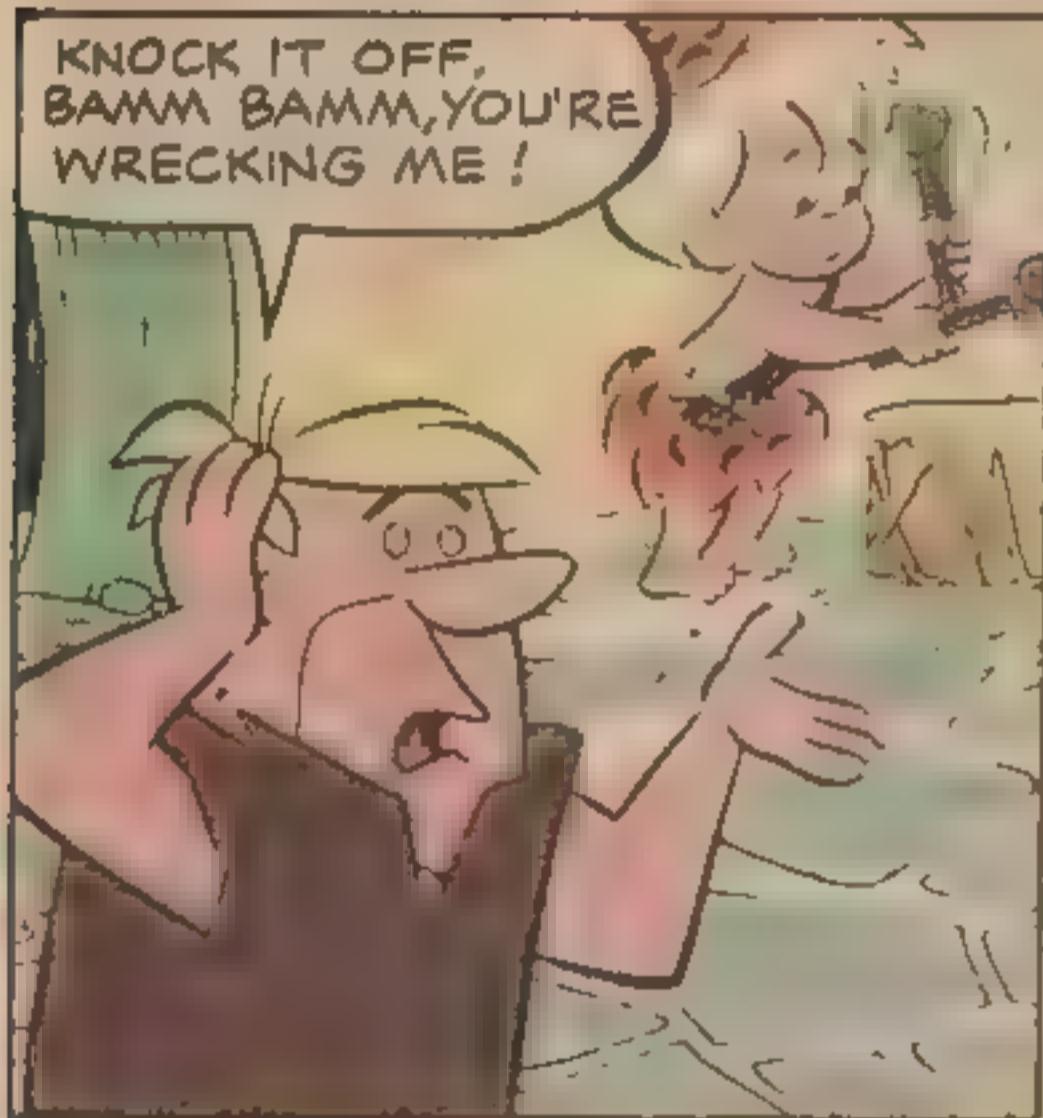
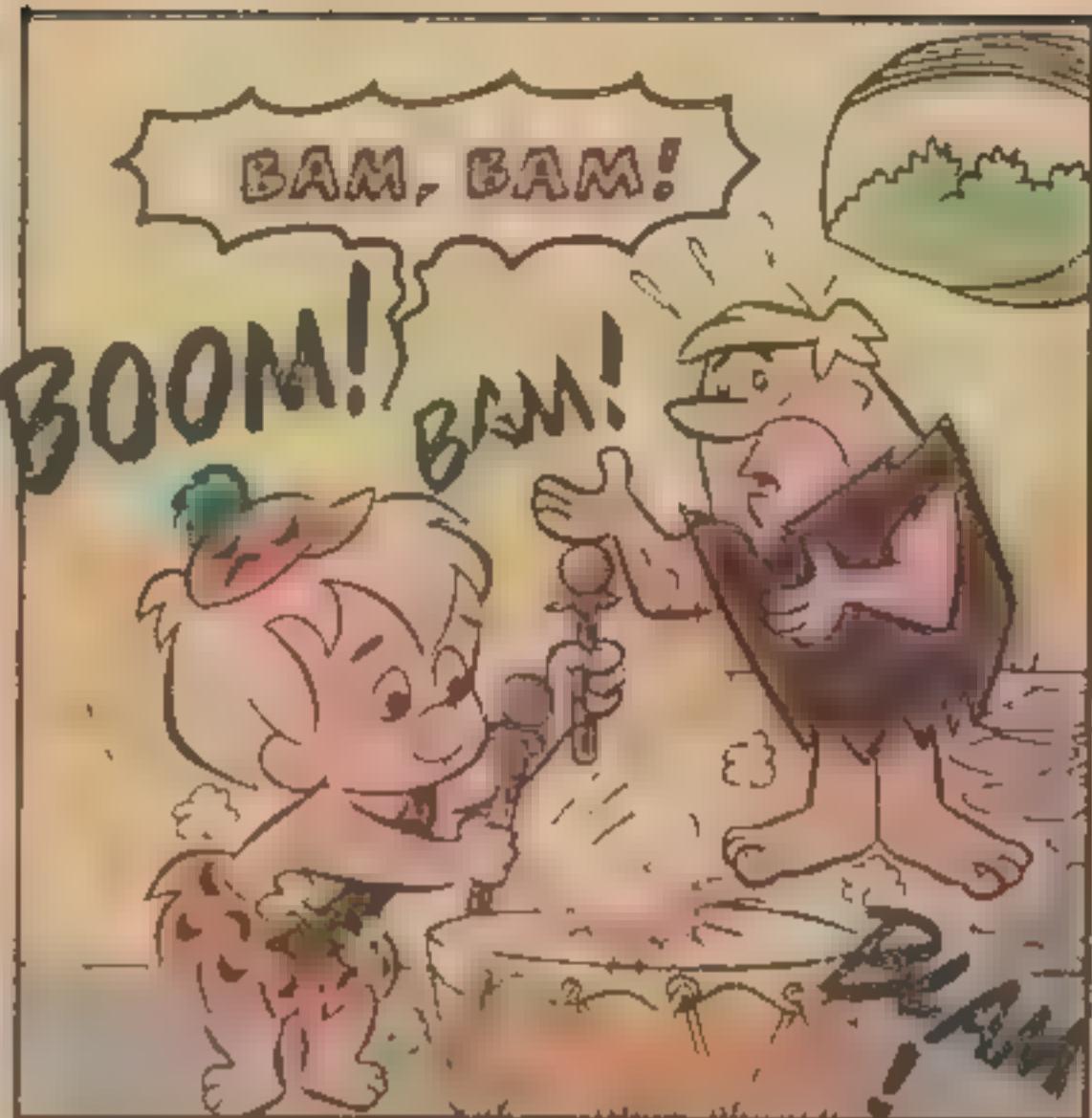
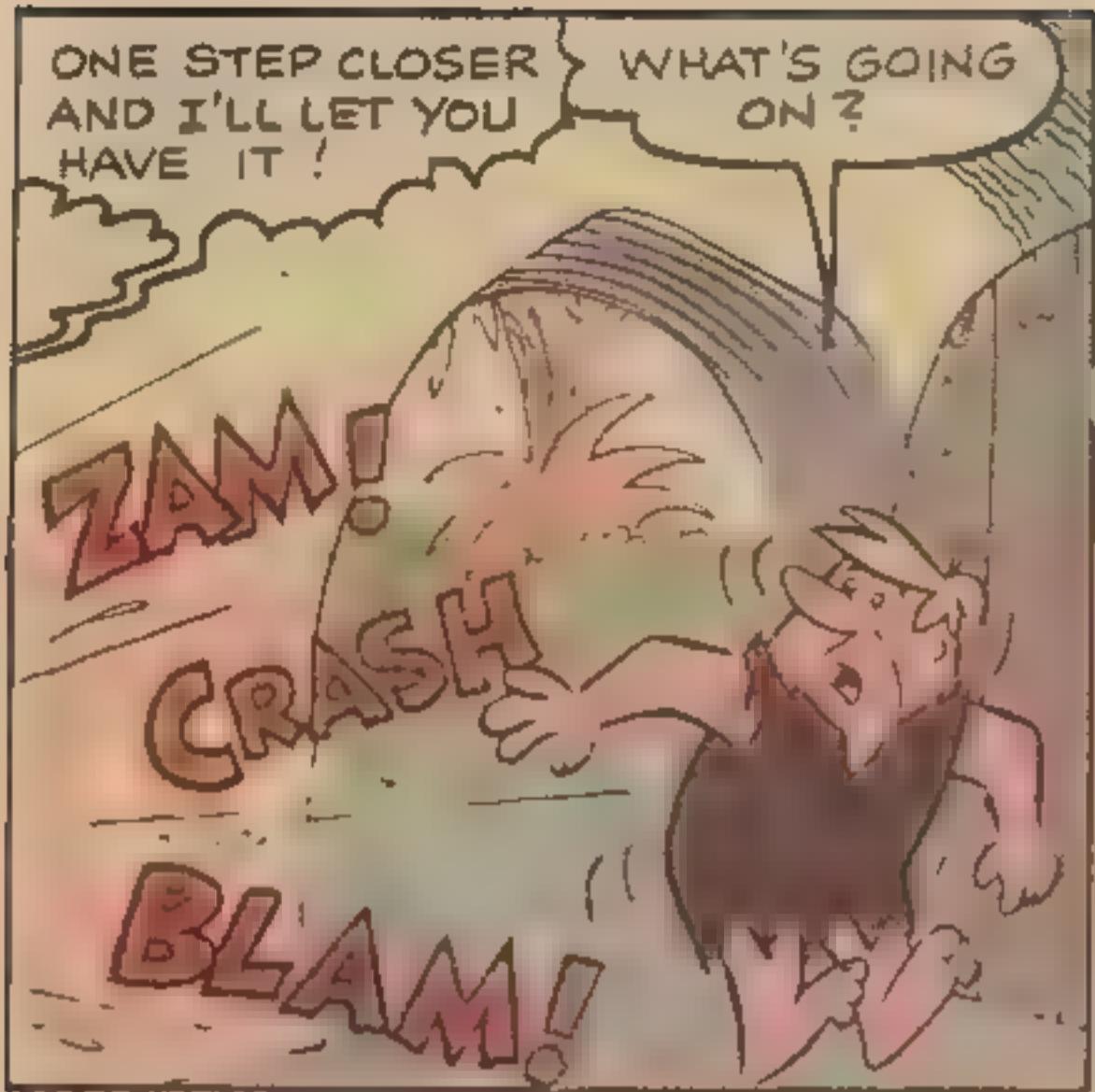
IN THAT CASE, I'LL LET YOU WALK THE REST OF THE WAY! IF WILMA ASKS WHERE I AM, TELL HER I'M WORKING OVERTIME!

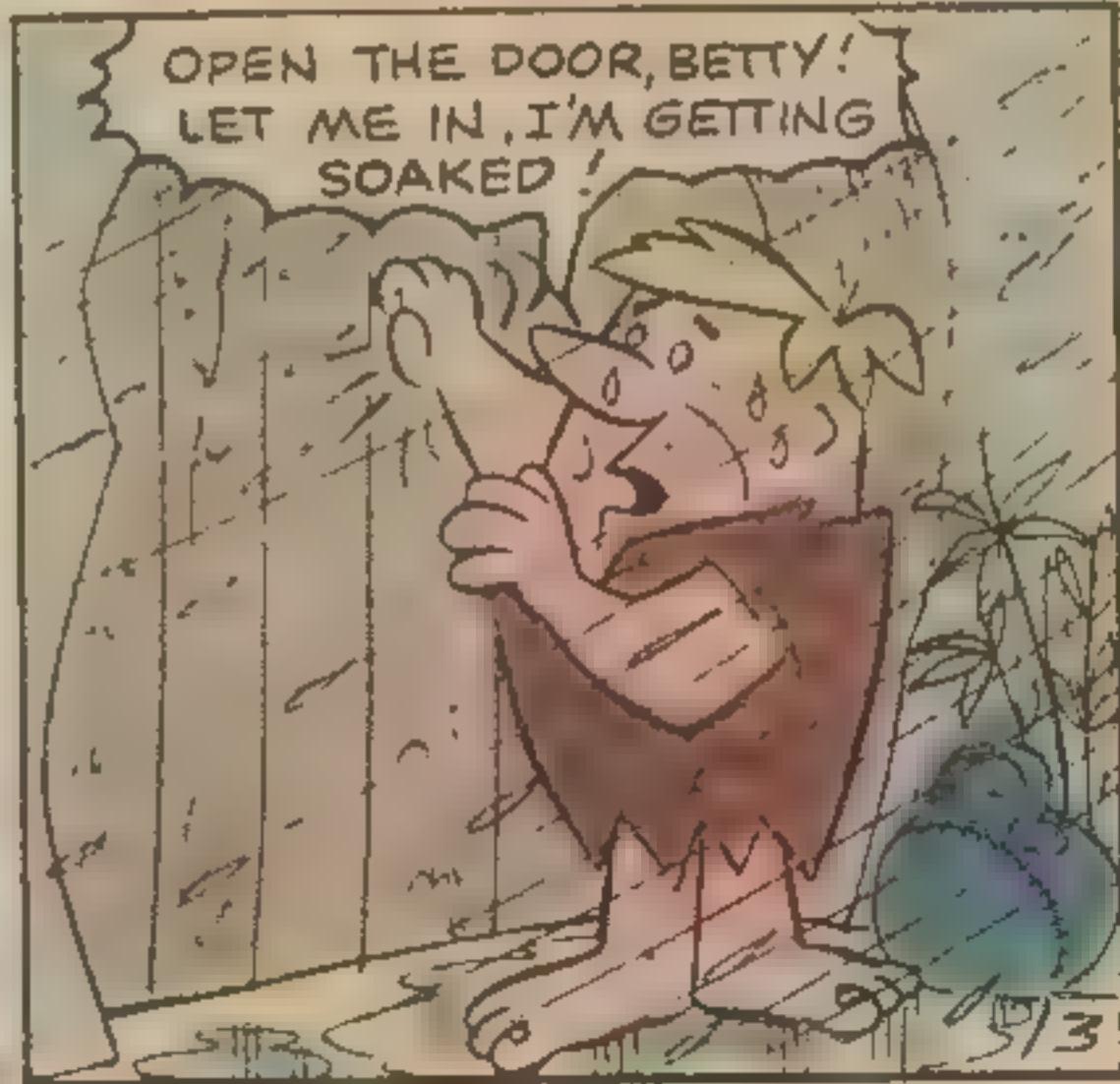
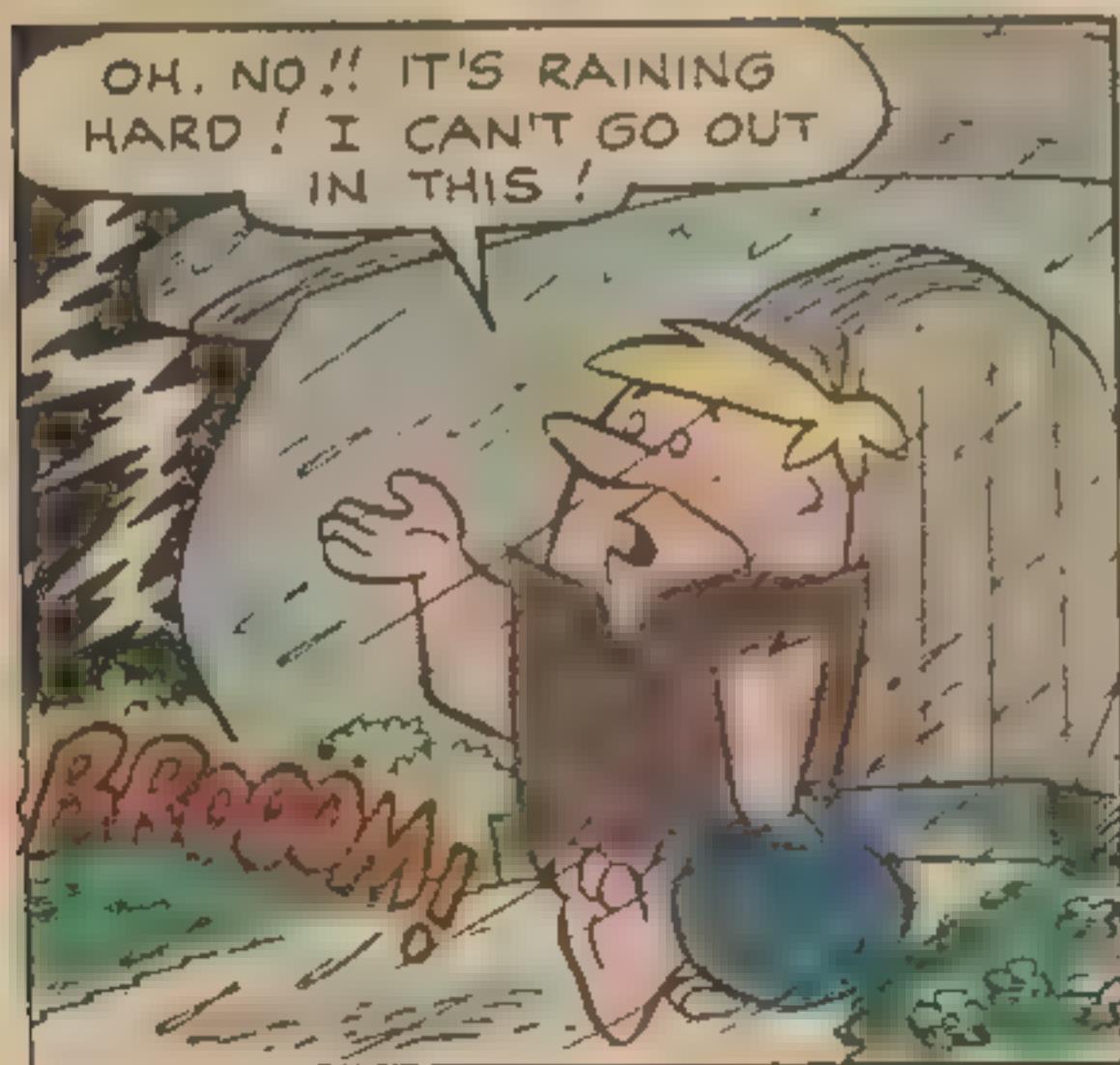
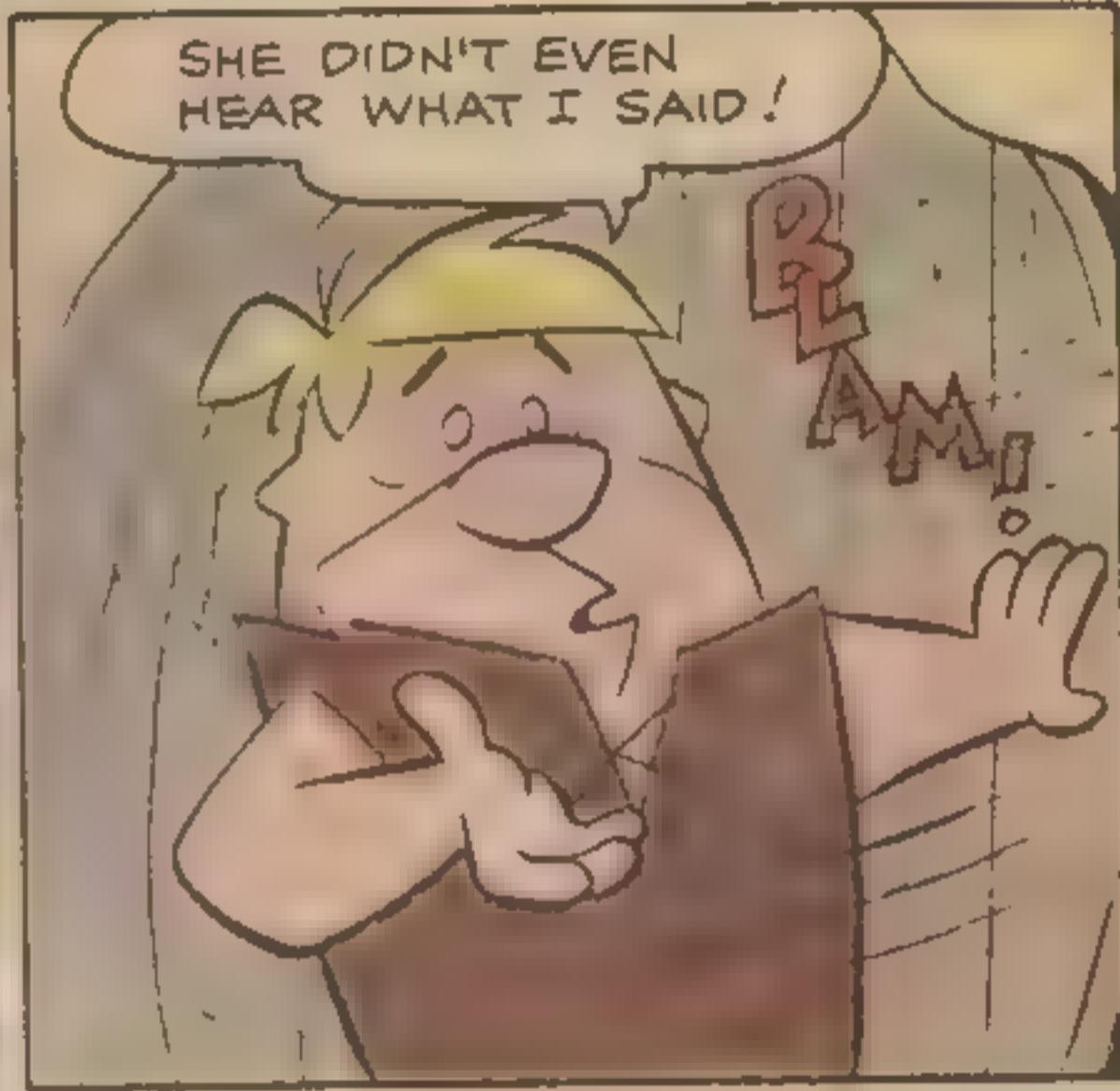
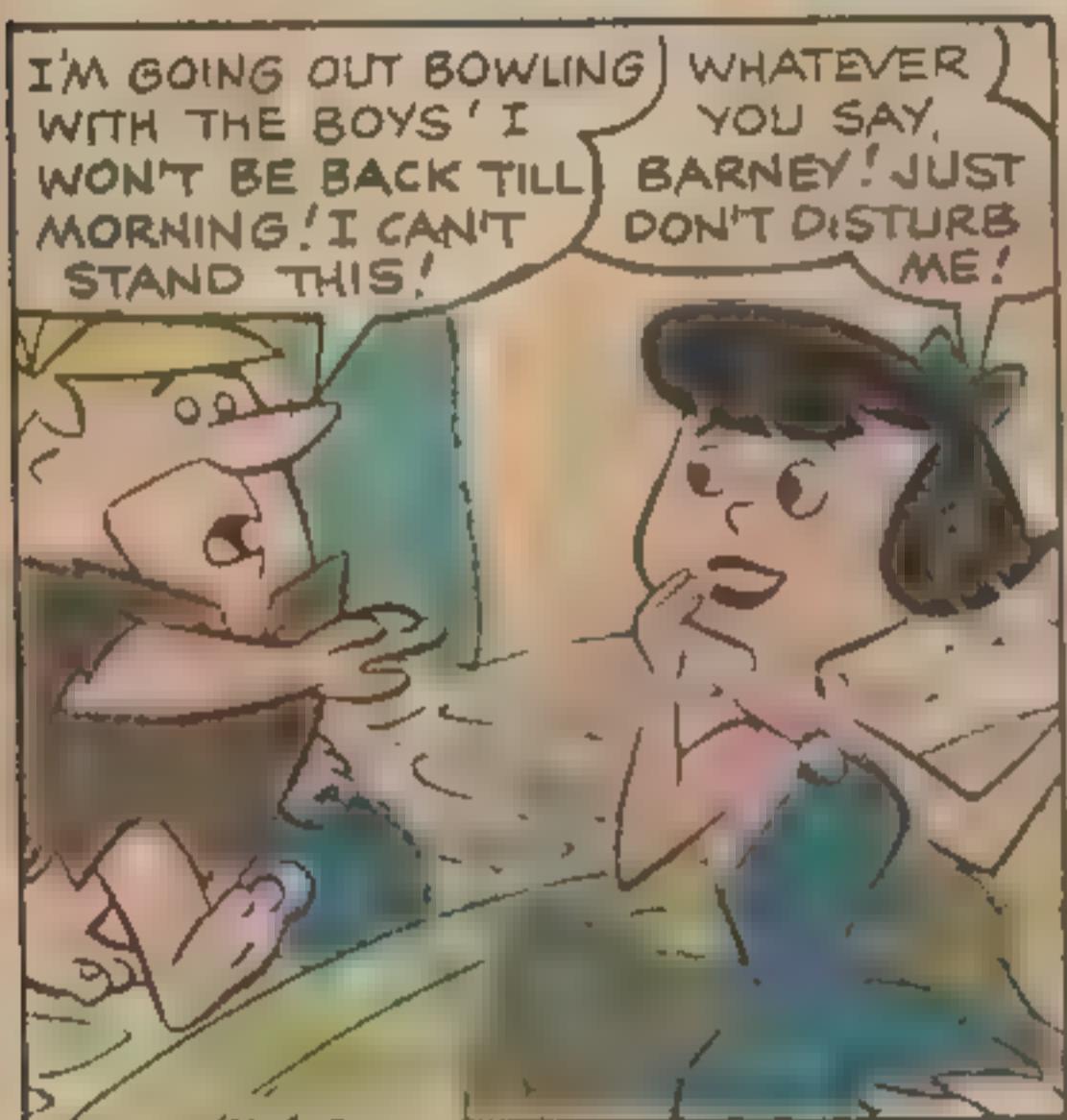
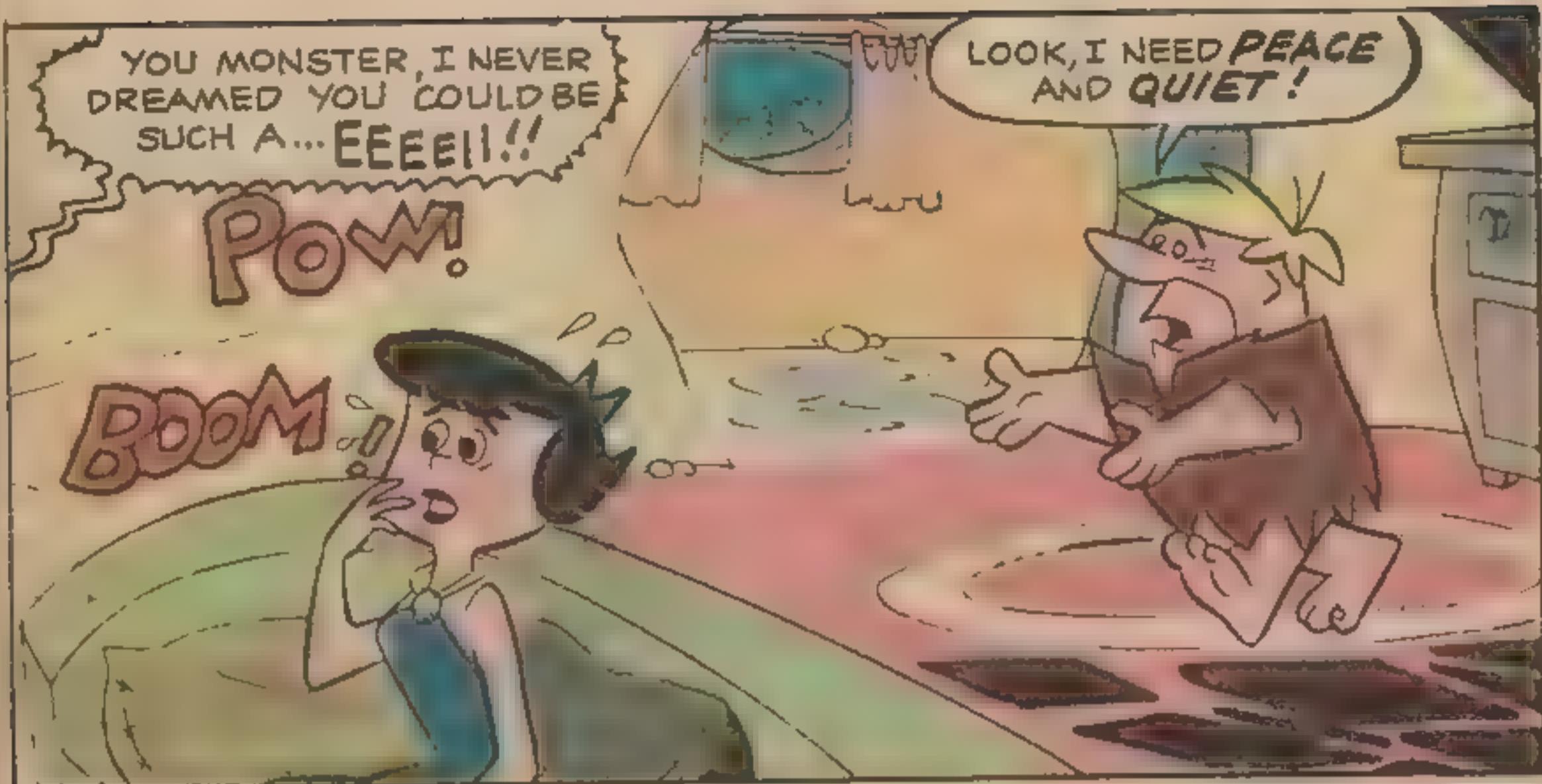
I'LL DO THAT, YOU RASCAL! GO AHEAD!

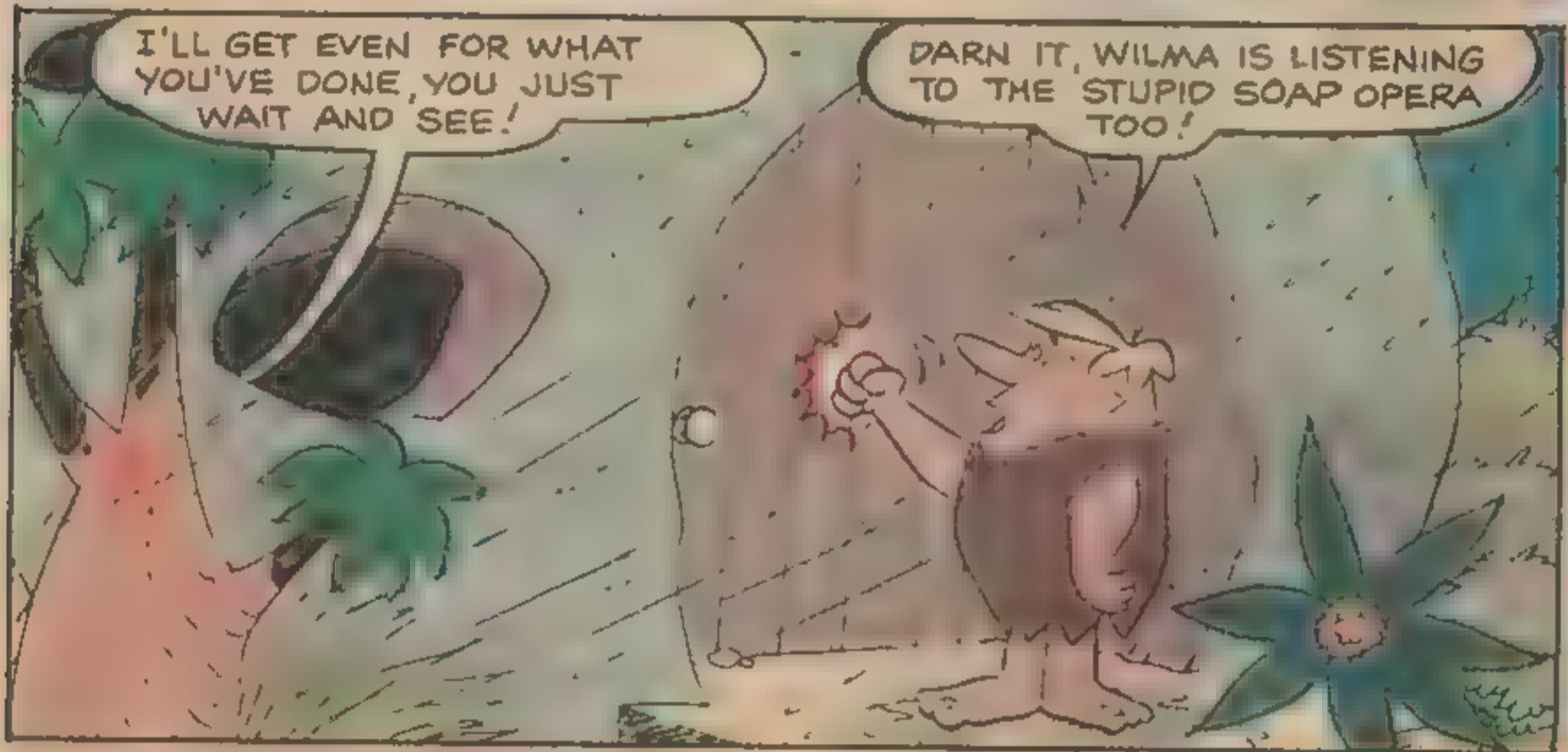
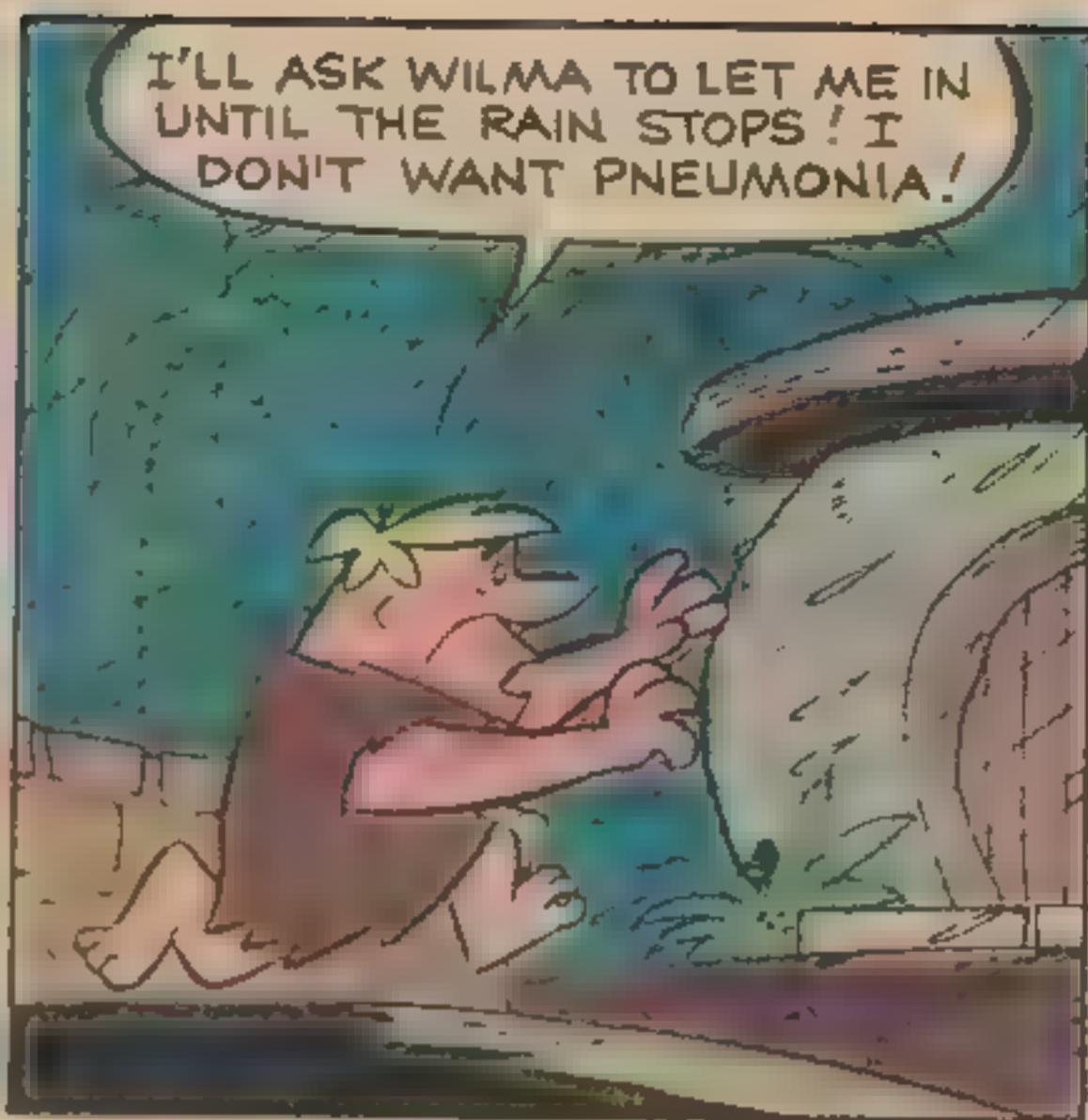
FOR ONCE I USED MY HEAD... I'LL STAY HOME AND RELAX... LET FRED GET SHATTERED NERVES IN THAT NOISY BOWLING ALLEY!

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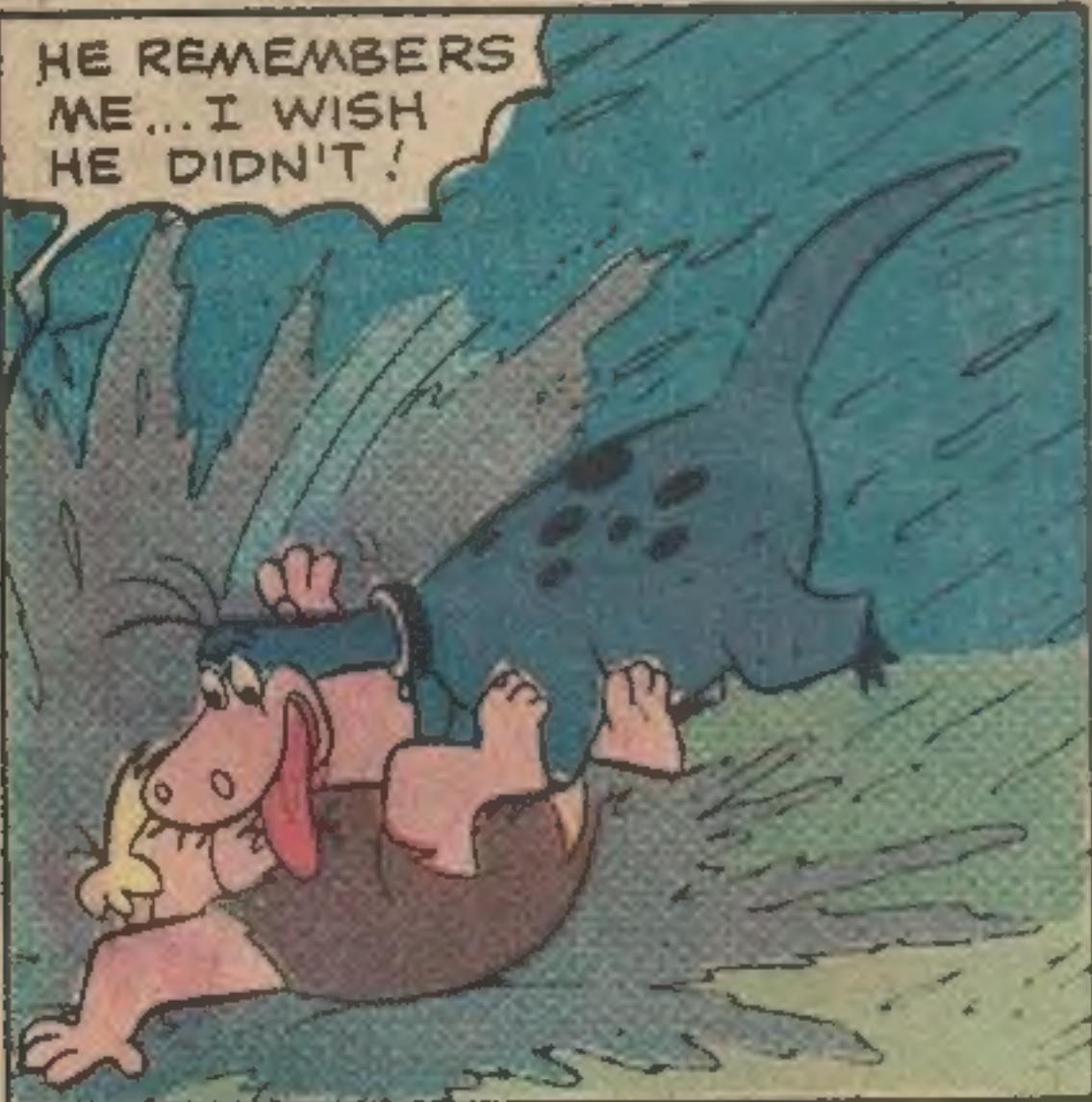
HEY, DINO, LET ME IN OUT OF THE RAIN! I'M BARNEY. REMEMBER?

GRRRR!



I'M GOING TO MY OWN HOUSE AND I'LL COMMAND EVERYONE TO KEEP QUIET, THAT'S WHAT!

HE REMEMBERS ME... I WISH HE DIDN'T!



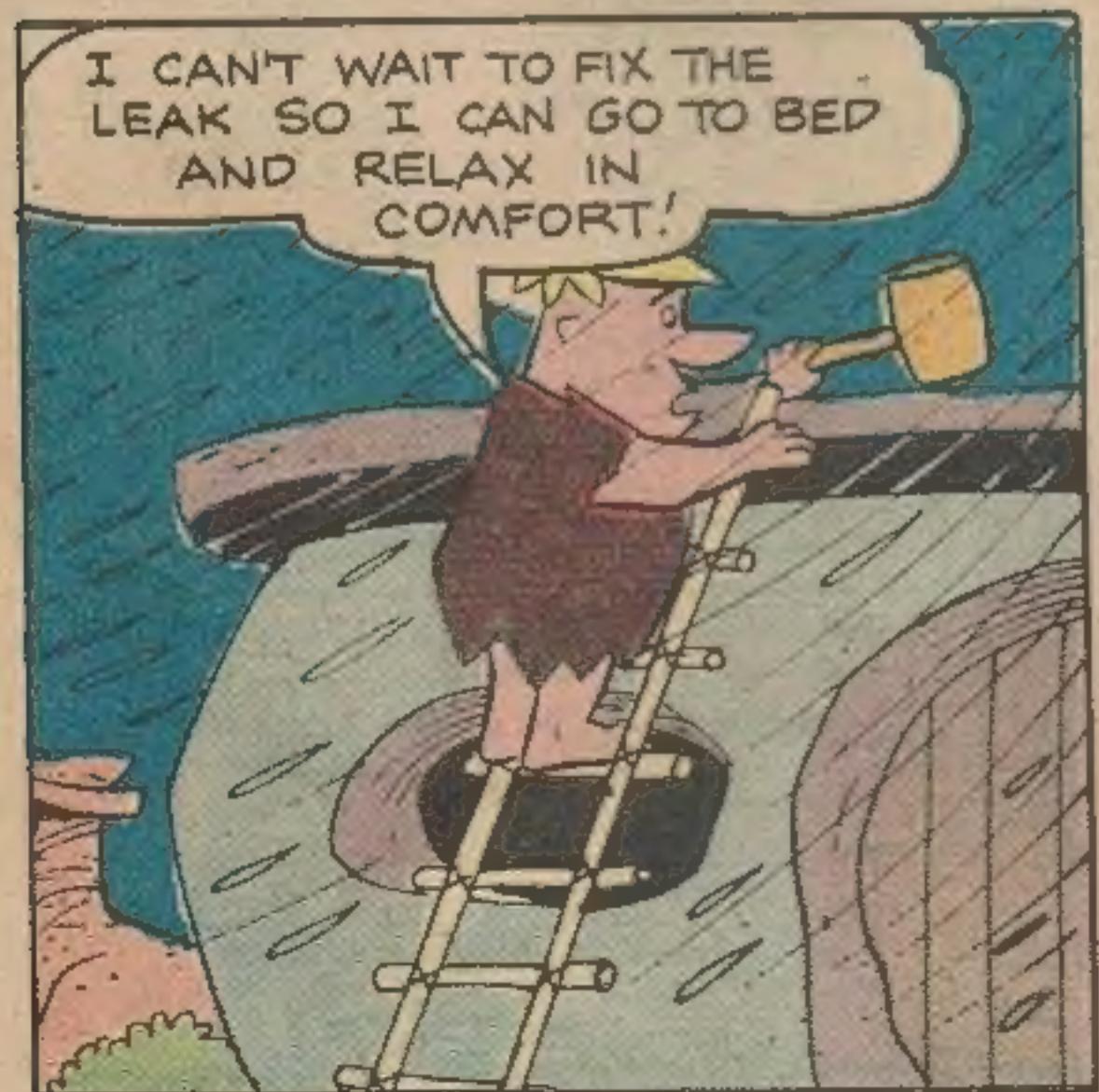
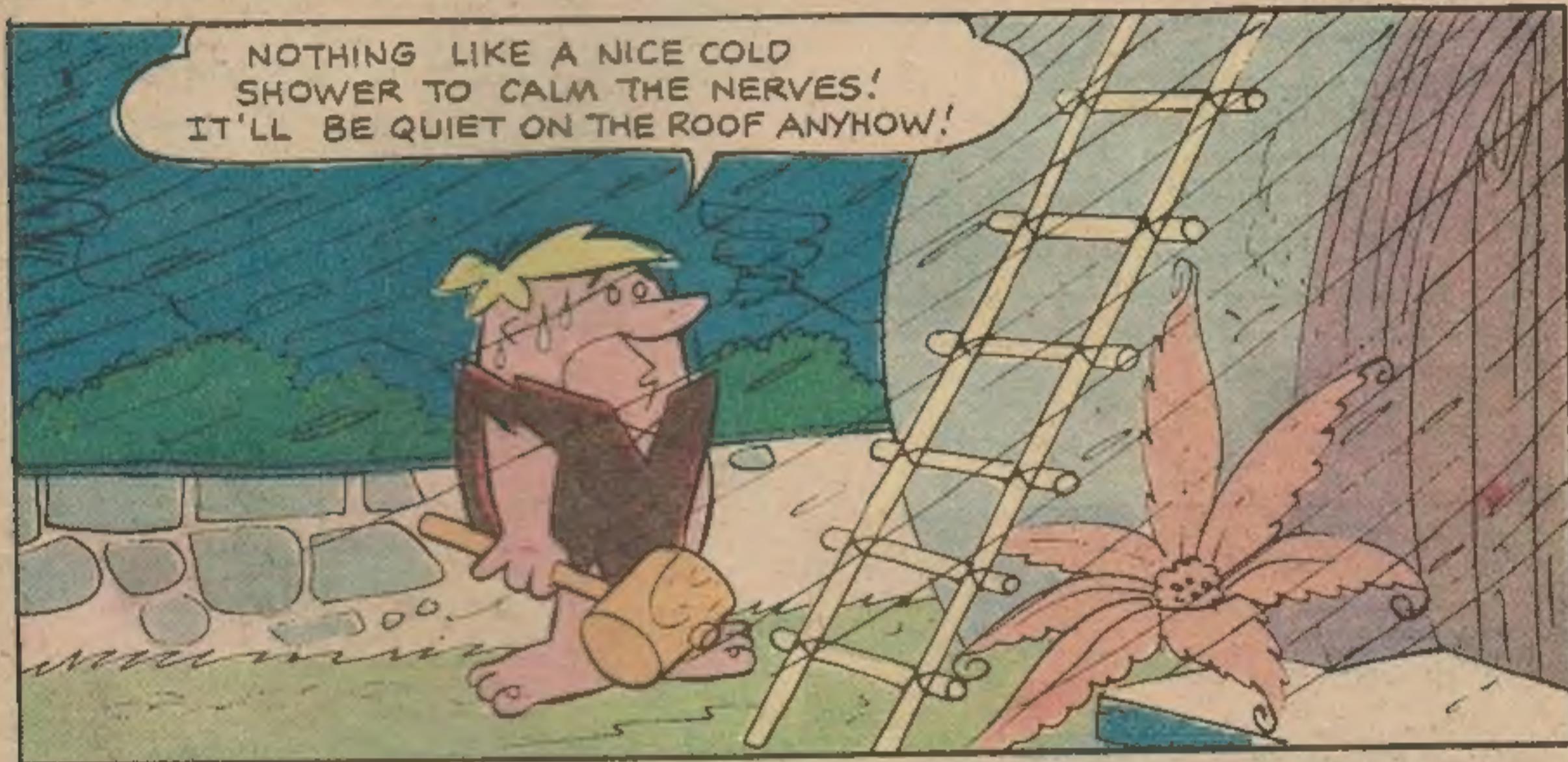
I WISH BETTY WOULD LET ME HAVE MY OWN KEY!



I'LL SHOW HER! I'LL BREAK THE DOOR DOWN! SHE'LL SEE WHO'S BOSS!







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